December 6, 1949

The Reporter

THE NEGRO CITIZEN—*and other features*

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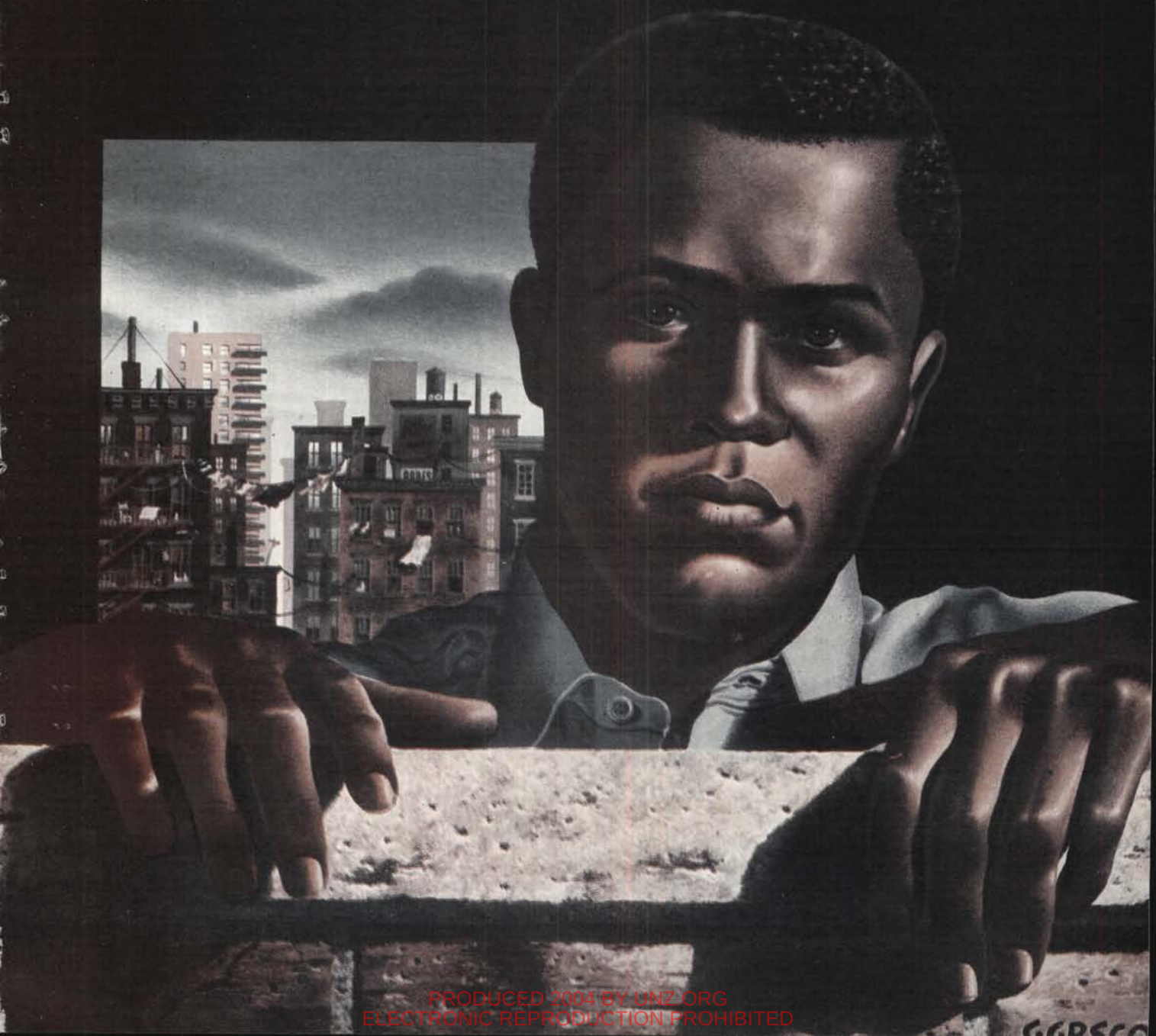

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A meeting of housing-project tenants

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December 6, 1949

The Reporter

A fortnightly of facts and ideas

Volume 1, No. 17

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The U. S. Negro and the way his fellow-citizens treat him are now visible to the whole world. No longer does he need a Harriet Beecher Stowe to speak for him; he speaks for himself, and everywhere on the globe people speak for him. Europe and the Russians hear his complaints and judge us; Asia and the immense Far East—whose millions are "colored" too—hear him, and with deep suspicion, observe our reluctance to grant him those equal rights on which we base our pride.

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Editor & Publisher: Max Ascoli

Managing Editor: Philip Horton; *Assistant Managing Editor:* Robert S. Gerdy; *National Affairs Editor:* Llewellyn White; *European Editor:* Leland Stowe; *Copy Editors:* Al Newman, William Knapp; *Art Editor:* William A. McIntyre; *Production Manager:* Anthony J. Ballo; *Staff Writers:* Richard A. Donovan, Pat Holt, James M. Minifie, Gouverneur Paulding, David Wills, Claire Neikind, Robert K. Bingham, Douglass Cater; *Assistant to the Publisher:* Helen Duggan; *General Manager:* Richard P. Callanan; *Business Manager:* Joseph F. Murphy; *Advertising Manager:* Houston Boyles, *Promotion Manager:* Cy Mann.

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Editorial

The Negro's International Vote

Fourscore and seven years ago the U. S. Negro was given his freedom. Seven years later he received the right to vote. Within another seven years he had lost that right and had begun the long stubborn battle which ended only in 1944, when the Supreme Court returned to him, legally at least, the franchise of a full citizen. In the meantime he was winning another franchise—the power to make his voice heard beyond our national frontiers. The Negro has won a permanent international vote.

This could have been foreseen a long time ago. For there are no white primaries and poll taxes, no tariff barriers or quotas, which can inhibit the involuntary export of a nation's characteristic images. The export of the U. S. Negro's image is nothing new. It began in colonial times with the published observations of European travelers. It reached a peak in the nineteenth century with the world-wide circulation of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* and again in the twentieth century when hundreds of thousands of Negro G.I.'s were tumbled from transports into every corner of the globe. Some of these exported images were distorted with bitterness and hatred. Others were not. But it remained for an Italian movie, *Paisan,* to produce a master-image—so simple and universal that it bespeaks the guilt not only of one nation but of all nations where minorities suffer estrangement and discrimination. In the midst of the Allied victory in Italy, a hulking Negro G.I. sprawls on top of a towering pile of wood, drunk with Italian wine and the prospect of a quick return home. Then he remembers: "I don't want to go home. My home is an old shack. I can't shut the door. I don't need that key. I don't want to go home."

When last heard of, the Negro veteran who played the role was still sitting in Florence, but his image on the screen has struck deep into the minds and hearts of millions of people in darkened cinemas throughout the world. In an age of exile and oppression—of mass deportations and migrations, of concentration camps and persecutions—it is an image that clings to the world's imagination and conscience. It cannot be erased.

Our enemies have been quick to turn such images against us. Soviet and Communist propagandists the world over have tried to make the Negro a symbol of our injustice and hypocrisy. They have used his image to lampoon and discredit our claims to world democratic leadership. And with a large measure of truth to work with, they have had no little success. According to a recent survey of European opinion undertaken by the Common Council, our treatment of our fourteen million Negro citizens ranks fourth among the reasons given for dislike or distrust of the United States. At Geneva, in the U.N. Sub-Commission on Discrimination and Minorities, Soviet delegates left their American counterparts tongue-tied by proposing to make an international crime of any act of discrimination based on distinctions of race, nationality, or religion. Such propaganda has projected the image of the Negro into the front lines of the cold war. By the same token it has greatly amplified the power of his voice both at home and abroad.

Congressmen, however, are often notoriously hard of hearing in international affairs. In the last session of Congress, deafened by the clamor of parochial prejudice and pressures, they failed to act on the President's Civil Rights Program. At the next session, they would do well to listen to the rest of the world. In the Far East—and especially in India and Southeast Asia—our government is faced with the urgent problem of winning the friendship and cooperation of some eleven hundred million people. Its success or failure may well determine the moral and military balance of power in the world for decades to come. Yet these people, like the U. S. Negro, are colored. Many are full of bitterness against the white westerners who for centuries denied them their social and economic rights. But unlike the U. S. Negro, they are also, for the most part, sovereign peoples, passionately proud of their newly won independence. If we win them at all, we must win them on their own terms and under their closest scrutiny. To them, far more than to Europeans, the status of the U. S. Negro is the touchstone by which to test our integrity and our intentions.

The testing, in fact, may already be under way. It was surely no accident that India's Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru, in the midst of an American tour crowded with power-dams and some of the most lavish protocol recently displayed for a visiting statesman, should yet have found time for quiet private talks with a few Negro leaders.

Such talks may contain an important clue to the future. It is not at all impossible that our need for friends and allies among the colored nations of Asia will bring us at last to grant full social and economic rights to our own colored people. Such a turn of events would not only inaugurate a new era for the Negro citizen. It would also signal to the world America's moral coming of age. In this emerging coincidence between the interest of our Negro citizens at home and our national interest abroad lies a great opportunity. In the interest of democracy the world over we should not let it pass. —P.H.

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Ralph Bunche—Statesman

A close friend describes his progress from Model T's and basketball to the academic life and the front line of international affairs

Wide World

When Ralph Bunche joined the State Department in 1944, he noticed an old, dignified Negro who obviously resented him. This man was one of the top-ranking Negroes among the very few in the department. He was spoken to kindly by the highest diplomats; and now, in his seniority, responsibilities of a sort were entrusted to him. He had a desk of his own, though, as was the case with other messengers, it was in the hall outside one of the offices. Bunche's easy familiarity with his colleagues and his lack of awe at the hallowed halls offended the old man's carefully acquired sense of etiquette. Nothing could illustrate the gap between the generations better than the contrast between the elderly messenger, who had made a career of cultivating the proper graces, and the thirty-nine-year-old expert on colonial affairs.

It is frequently pointed out that Ralph Bunche is the grandson of a slave. He wryly considers such references over-obvious; it is a matter of simple history and arithmetic that most Negroes of his generation are grandchildren of slaves. Bunche's family knew the pinch of poverty, as did most Negroes at the beginning of the century. Clothes were often hand-me-downs, and food was sometimes sparing. Bunche was born in Detroit, where his father was a barber, and the elder Bunche continued barbering when the family moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico, because of the poor health of Ralph's mother.

Bunche's mother died when he was twelve, and his father three months later. The family was then headed by Ralph's maternal grandmother, a frail little matriarch who drove into her flock the virtues of self-reliance, pluck, and love of learning. After the death of Ralph's parents, she took him, his sister, and two aunts to Los Angeles.

In Detroit and Albuquerque, the shadow of race had not been dark. The family's economic problems were, of course, aggravated by race. But the daily irritations of "white-colored" discrimination were not part of his early life. Detroit had few Negroes then; Albuquerque even fewer. In Detroit Ralph lived in an Austrian neighborhood, and his gang fought against the Italian newcomers. In Albuquerque he got along equally well with his Mexican and Anglo-American schoolmates.

In Los Angeles Ralph got his real initiation into Jim Crow, especially when he began looking for work after school hours. White boys might take menial jobs, but they had chances for better ones. For Negroes the pickings were slim. Ralph's job history is typical *of his generation:* He delivered papers, carried type in a composing room, was a houseboy in the film colony. During vacations he was a petty officers' messman on the steamboats of the Admiral Line plying between Los Angeles and Seattle. It was not the romance of the sea that attracted him; Ralph has since described graphically his constant seasickness on the rough run, and the work hours that stretched from daybreak to nearly midnight. He remembers ruefully the call boy's cry that startled the "glory hole" where he and his fellows were cramped:

"Sleeping good, sleeping good;
Give me them covers, I wish you would . . .
'Cause you must rise and shine
For this Admiral Line."

The jobs were tough, but life along the main stem, Central Avenue, in Los Angeles, had its compensations. Ralph went around with a wild set of youngsters, and he still carries a knot on his head from the time when a Model T Ford turned over on him. In spite of his taste for jalopies and street corners, he won top honors in both junior and senior high schools. Though he was valedictorian of his high-school class, he was not elected to the honor society, which, by a "gentlemen's" agreement, was strictly Caucasian. Only recently, Ralph received a note from one of his teachers explaining, and apologizing for, his exclusion. Over the years she had brooded upon the wrong; now she felt free of her oath of secrecy and explained what had happened. Bunche had known all along.

Ralph was one of the few from his gang to go to college. He won a scholarship to the University of California at Los Angeles (he has never paid any school a cent of tuition), and worked as a janitor in the women's gymnasium. Football was forbidden because of phlebitis of his leg, but he won four letters as a member of one of the best

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Wide World

Bunche at the palace of King Abdullah

basketball teams on the Pacific Coast. He was a fast and rough guard, first-rate on defense but also a danger near the basket. His classwork was on the *summa cum laude* level, and he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

After his graduation, he attended Harvard on a fellowship. In Los Angeles, a Negro women's club raised a thousand dollars for him, and the old family church in Detroit took up a sizable collection to help. Even so, Ralph had to pinch and scrape at Harvard. Afternoons he worked for a near-sighted bookseller who only discovered that Bunche was a Negro when it was too late to make any difference. Poker with his friends was nearly as much an economic necessity as a pastime: The right cards might mean the difference between a Western at the local Greasy Spoon or a full meal at the Georgian.

With a master's degree from Harvard, Ralph came to Howard University to head a department of political science that consisted of himself and his friend Emmet E. Dorsey. Political Science 1 soon became something of a must; the advanced courses also were popular, and Bunche was one of a group of young faculty insurgents determined to develop Howard into a first-class college. For all his genuine interest in the school, Bunche was as often on leave as in residence. In 1931 he traveled in Europe and Africa on a Rosenwald Fellowship, publishing his findings in a prize-winning doctoral dissertation on French administration in Togoland and Dahomey. Five years later a Social Science Research Council fellowship enabled him to pursue post-doctoral study at Northwestern University, the London School of Economics, and the University of Capetown, and to tour the world for nearly two years.

The reams of material he brought back were stowed away in file cases when he was called on to aid Gunnar Myrdal in the Carnegie Corporation's monumental study of the Negro in America. Together with Arthur Raper, one of the ablest sociologists in the South, and Dr. Myrdal, Bunche toured the Deep South. Visiting share croppers, high sheriffs, and public officials, talking to whites and Negroes in courthouse squares, the trio, composed of a foreigner, a Southern liberal, and a Negro outsider who was obviously not the chauffeur, was viewed with suspicion. Dr. Myrdal's candid questions often got the party into hot water. Word came to a convict camp they were visiting that there was a warrant out for him; and the party had to get out of one small Alabama town in a hurry. The tension of the trip probably gave edge to some of Dr. Myrdal's findings in *An American Dilemma*. Bunche's voluminous monograph helped give that work solidity.

By the time the United States entered the Second World War, Bunche was well known for his extensive knowledge in the area of colonial affairs. Eyebrows may have been raised in the Office of Strategic Services when it was originally learned that a Negro was coming in as an expert on colonial affairs, but General William J. Donovan, the chief of the O.S.S. swore by Bunche as a "walking colonial institute." Bunche was called on for important work in connection with the North African invasion and West African security in general.

In 1944 Secretary Cordell Hull summoned Bunche to the State Department, where within two years he became Acting Chief, Division of Dependent Area Affairs. After a series of other solid assignments, he was in at the birth of the U.N. as American technical expert on trusteeship at San Francisco, and attended the preparatory commission at London in 1945 as well as the first session of the General Assembly at London in 1946. In that year he was loaned by the State Department to the Secretariat, and soon went to Palestine, where at the insistence of Count Bernadotte and Trygve Lie, he became principal secretary and personal representative of the Secretary-General.

Bunche's secretary, Mrs. Doreen Daughton, an Englishwoman, says that she has never seen him so shaken as he was by the assassination of Bernadotte. But Bunche took over immediately, and was appointed Acting Mediator at an emergency session of the Security Council in Paris. Strenuous weeks followed, with constant dangers from hazardous flights and snipers' bullets. The Israeli leader, David Ben-Gurion, insisted that a close guard always attend Bunche because the threat of another assassination was a real one. But the negotiations went on. Rhodes, the nearest spot of neutral territory, was the site of final negotiations—and of ordeals, cajolery, and browbeating; of salving personal and national pride; of ironing out unforeseen kinks; of unsnarling age-old tangles. It was easy for patience to wear thin and tempers to fray. After six weeks of taut negotiations, the first armistice between the Egyptians and Israelis was agreed upon. Others, between Israel and Trans-Jordan, and Israel and Lebanon, followed in due, but still arduous, course. As Bunche witnessed the first signing between the representatives of Israel and Egypt, he leaned over to Henri Vigier, his personal deputy, and to General William E. Riley, his chief of staff, and said: "If only Count Bernadotte could be here to see this."

A radio commentator explaining Bunche's success in Palestine said that his "Semitic swarthiness" was more acceptable in the Near East than Count Bernadotte's Nordic blondness. Bunche

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ridicules the idea: Too many snipers' bullets and hate-filled notes keep him from seeing magic in color. A journalist ingeniously interpreted Bunche's activities (before settlement was reached) by arguing that since Bunche was an American Negro, his sympathies would naturally go to the Jews, who were victims of persecution, and that he would therefore lean over backward to avoid this bias. Bunche rejected the interpretation: "You mean that an American Negro cannot be an impartial mediator."

In this case, as in all others, Bunche took criticism in his stride. He shrugged off the strong attacks made on him by certain Zionist groups in America; he explained that his problem was in Palestine and that he would stand on the expressed approval of leaders like Moshé Sharett and Ben-Gurion. His confidence was well founded, for the American Jews who had assailed Bunche retracted their charges; a Hebrew Seminary bestowed an honorary degree upon him, and Chaim Weizmann, the first President of Israel, sent him the warmest of praise. He files vituperative mail lightheartedly under the heading "Arsenic."

Bunche's capacity for sustained and rapid effort is enormous. For weeks after the assassination of Count Bernadotte the pace was more headlong than his staff had ever experienced. Bunche explains the secret easily: "You just get numb and keep on." Finishing the United Nations' preliminary report on Palestine nearly cost him his eyesight. The lights in the beautiful building in Geneva were so poor that after many night-long sieges his eyes were too weak to read the café menus. His swiftness in drafting reports, which has astonished colleagues from Lie on down, is based on unresting concentration over long, unbroken hours. He drives his staff too, but when they are just about at the breaking point, he calls a halt.

A colleague at Howard once accused Bunche of "athleticism" after a faculty set-to. Bunche pleads guilty. A born competitor, he has the will to win. He plays hard; he asks no quarter and he gives none. He never lets up on an opponent. In tennis, both court and table, he is a tireless retriever, often letting his opponent beat himself, but pouncing whenever there is an opening. In games of chance he is cool and calculating, but not afraid to take risks.

One of Bunche's first requisitions from Rhodes confused the United Nations; it was for a supply of billiard balls. Once, after an exceptionally arduous day, Mrs. Daughton found Bunche shooting billiards with a young American sailor, who seemed to have about a fifth of Scotch under his belt. The hotel was off limits to servicemen, but Mrs. Daughton, unknown to Bunche, prevailed on the Shore Patrol to lay off the sailor until the game was over. Bunche won; the sailor challenged him to a later game, went out, and was promptly thrown in the brig. Bunche still doesn't know why he didn't return.

According to Mrs. Daughton, "you don't have to have a handle to your name, as we say in England, to see Bunche." The office runs informally, with good-natured badinage and even gossip periods. She cannot imagine talking to an English boss as she does to Bunche. Members of the staff often bring personal problems to him.

One evening last summer after a United Nations cocktail party at the Waldorf-Astoria, Bunche visited a small night club in Greenwich Village. Willie "The Lion" Smith and Art Hodes were beating out jazz on the piano, and some young white musicians sat in and jammed with them. Willie "The Lion" introduced Dr. Bunche to the audience. Bunche was soon on terms of easy familiarity with the two pianists; he knew what numbers to ask for, and enough jazz lingo to get by. Toward the end of the evening a Negro couple, veterans in show business, dropped in. The woman insisted on dedicating a number to Dr. Bunche; it was an old blues song, her voice was a bit cracked, and her gestures ancient. But it was her token of thanks and respect. Bunche said the right things, and she went away happy. He has always been a good man at parties, formal and informal, though nowadays he goes mostly to protocol affairs.

One of Bunche's greatest relaxations is his home life—but he is not at home as much as he would like to be. His wife, Ruth, a Washington school teacher when he married her in 1930, is resigned to his long absences. She makes some trips with him; for the sake of their three children they try not to fly too often in the same plane. Though she insists she is no public speaker, Mrs. Bunche sometimes appears on panels devoted to the United Nations.

Bunche is definitely set on having no engagements this Christmas. It is then that his elder daughter Joan will come down from Vassar and his younger daughter Jane will come up from the Friends School in Westtown, Pennsyl-

Wide World

With Mrs. Bunche and Ralph, Jr.

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vania. And Bunche, as is his custom, will dress the Christmas tree and play Santa Claus. In the meantime Ralph, Jr. rules the roost in Parkway Village, out near Lake Success. He has discarded his old tricycle for a glamorous new red two-wheeler, and is a member of an international gang of six-year-olds — Chinese, Indian, Pakistani, French, South African, West African, Dutch, and Danish—who sometimes play, and sometimes fight, with each other.

When his U.N. work does not keep Bunche away from home, his speaking engagements often do. He flies a couple of hundred miles, makes a speech, meets with small groups, and then flies right back to Long Island. He prefers the fastest nonstop planes, and he does a great deal of night flying. His speaking schedule is a killing one. It is not that he is unable to say no to requests; but he wants to do all he can for the U.N. Moreover, he knows that his audiences see not only Ralph Bunche when he stands on the rostrum, but also fourteen million American Negroes behind him.

Bunche's ties to his people are close. A newspaper once reported that in order to get into a Washington theater Bunche spoke French to pass as a non-American. Nothing is further from the truth. Bunche would never attempt to wring favors by faking; he wants no front doors opened to him if his people have to go in by back doors. He won't go in anybody's back door, naturally, but he doesn't want his people to go into them either. Years ago he told me that he had never ridden in a Jim Crow coach and never would. Since then he has broken his rule once, in South Africa, where a "liberal" friend insisted that he do so to avoid trouble. On a recent trip South a dining-car steward and Bunche tangled over the green curtain nonsense. Bunche said blandly that he had not reserved the table behind the curtain, and asked the steward point-blank if he refused to serve him with the rest of the passengers. Still the steward stuck to his guns. Bunche returned to his compartment; a short while later two waiters knocked on the door to congratulate him. They were happy. It was the first time they had seen a fellow Negro stand up to the steward. "Don't you worry about food, Doctor, we're going to take care of you." They did, with a vengeance.

There are also ties with the other dark peoples of the world. Bunche has friends all over Africa; in 1938, he was made a full member of the Kikuyu tribe in East Africa. When a young Liberian, unused to oratory, gave his maiden speech, he beamed at Bunche and made a sort of V-for-victory gesture. An Egyptian military leader, Major General Sadek Bey, a redoubtable Sudanese, sent him a long telegram expressing his desire to meet him "not only because of the blood ties that bind us but to also shake hands with a man whose laudable and constant efforts have been highly appreciated by the whole world."

Bunche himself has had little experience with the cruder manifestations of prejudice. Among the marines, sailors, soldiers, and officials of his entourage there were many white Southerners; he has commanded Kentucky colonels; has been piped aboard one of the commission's destroyers by a naval officer from Arkansas. He never expects insult and receives it seldom. The only discourtesy he remembers at the State Department was from a Negro messenger girl who threw his mail at him.

Bunche's personal freedom from the harsher experiences does not blind him to the asperity of Negro life in America. He does not like the idea of "token" Negroes. "First and only" bothers him nearly as much as other racial epithets. He is still concerned with the many who are beaten down.

Confronted by race prejudice in America, Bunche does not explode in tirades. He never resorts to the wailing wall; he carries no chip on the shoulder; he does not consume his fighting energies in yelling "foul." But he hates segregation as deeply as any person in America. When President Truman offered him an Assistant Secretaryship of State, Bunche refused for three major reasons: his great faith in the United Nations, the real discrepancy in salary, and his dislike for the segregation in Washington. He remembered too vividly how his daughter had to go three miles to school in the capital of the nation; he did not want his son subjected to the insidious dual system. The problem of where a Negro-State Department official could eat in downtown Washington would also be perplexing, but Bunche's chief concern was over the injury to his youngsters.

Bunche is not a racist. He dislikes black as well as white chauvinism. He boasts that he is no race expert, but this is inexact. About the position of the Negro in the United States and the world he is, of course, an authority. He is on terms of friendly intimacy with leaders of most Negro organizations in the United States, and ararnged for several of them to meet Nehru on his recent trip. But he has been a sharp critic of several of these organizations when he has considered their programs shortsighted. He deplores the provincialism in the thinking of many Negroes, who see no suffering but their own, and is dismayed at the apathy of most Negroes toward the United Nations. Like others of his generation disciplined in the social sciences, Bunche tries to be objective about Negro life in America; he sets the race problem in its national and international framework; his approach is based on reason rather than emotion; he is impatient of rashness and gradualism alike. To him American Negroes are not heroes or victims, saints or devils, but men.

It is not mere rhetoric when Bunche says that no Negro will ever enter the mainstream of American life until the whole group does. He strikes at the forces that keep the Negro out. In a recent speech in Albany he criticized our educational system because it had not yet achieved "human understanding and a sense of brotherhood." He constantly reaffirms his faith in the American way of life. But he wishes "to see the American democracy work at its maximum best. It is vital to America [and] the freedom-loving world." At the Harlem Y.W.C.A. he deplored the existence of racial ghettos which relegate Negroes "to the basement of society—with the seconds—and in *this* basement there are no bargains." It was not perfunctory oratory when he told the graduating class at Fisk University that "while nothing is easy for the Negro in America, neither is anything impossible." "The Negro," he declared, "will keep on moving resolutely along until his goal of complete and unequivocal equality is attained." If he were the sort of man who pointed to himself, he could find no better allegory of integration than his own career.

—Sterling A. Brown

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New Voters in the Making

Last-ditch stands by Dixiecrats and other "White-Supremacy" groups cannot stem growing Negro political power and responsibility

Over the past three years, the South has gradually been removing the "White Only" signs from polling booths. Having been so extremely cautious for so long about what restaurants, public washrooms, and railroad cars its almost ten million Negroes could enter, a lot of Southerners are more than a little uneasy about opening the doors of voting places—ultimately of much more transcendent importance than any of the other hitherto proscribed areas. Some symptoms of this uneasiness were revealed in the 1948 Dixiecrat campaign.

Until well after the end of the First World War, only a handful of Southern Negroes voted, and most of them cast Republican ballots at Presidential elections as a futile act of devotion to the party of emancipation.

In 1944 the Supreme Court knocked the last legal prop from under the "white primary," the South's most effective defense against Negro suffrage. In the Democratic primaries of 1946 about three hundred thousand Negroes voted. By 1947 at least six hundred thousand had complied with the legal niceties—registration, poll-tax payment, and the like. In 1948 thousands more Negroes found their way to polling places for the first time.

Although a revolution may be sweeping the South, its consequences have differed enormously from place to place—and in some spots the immediate effects have been negligible. These wide diversities prove again that the South is a region of rich variety, even though many outlanders tend to regard it as a monotonous plain of uniform attitude stretching from the District of Columbia to Texas.

The 1948 Dixiecrat campaign provides us with a convenient detailed relief map of the important variations in the political landscape. The Dixiecrat candidates, Governors Thurmond and Wright, had one, and only one, vote-getting issue: racial discrimination. They orated plentifully about states' rights, tidelands oil, and so on, but the race issue dominated all the rest.

The result, generally speaking, was that the Dixiecrats drew their highest proportion of the popular vote in those areas with the highest percentage of Negroes in the population. Generally, the more Negroes there were in a neighborhood, the more white-supremacy voters flocked to the polls. Aided by their designation as the "official" Democratic candidates, the Dixiecrats carried South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, all states ranking high in Negro population. They made little headway in the states on the rim of the South: Florida, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina, all of which have relatively fewer Negroes.

When the analysis is carried to the county level, the ratio between Negroes and white Dixiecrats appears more clearly. In the plantation counties of the Arkansas delta, for example, Thurmond drew his heaviest vote (in a state won by Truman). In John Rankin's Congressional district, on the other hand, are the Mississippi counties with the most whites—and the most votes for Truman in 1948.

The very weakness of the total Dixiecrat vote is in itself the sign of a profoundly changed South, indicating that race prejudice alone can no longer carry a party to victory. But the Dixiecrat vote does delineate that swath of counties stretching across the heart of the South, from southern Virginia to eastern Texas, which still stand in solid opposition to the Negro in politics.

It has been in the states of the Deep South that the most determined efforts to circumvent the "white primary" decision have occurred. Alabama adopted a constitutional amendment which aimed at making the arbitrary exclusion of Negroes legal, but a judicial veto ended that. Louisiana has continued to operate a registration system that keeps most Negroes away from polling booths, and the Negro vote in Mississippi remains negligible.

In states on the rim of the South, however, although there has been considerable breast-beating, the Supreme Court decision has been accepted with composure. What this amounts to is that the Negro has made the most headway in voting where he is the least political threat to the established order. In larger cities, though, Negro political activity has met less opposition than it does in rural regions of comparable Negro-white ratios.

Meanwhile, even the warmest advocates of Negro rights have not faced squarely the consequences of suddenly introducing universal suffrage into rural communities where the Negro is poorest, least educated, and least equipped to assume political responsibilities. (In South Carolina, for example, 67.9 per cent of rural-farm Negroes in 1940 had not had more than four years of schooling.) But white citizens usually overestimate the likelihood of a mass rush to the polls by poorly educated Negroes. In plantation counties the restraints of tradition and social structure are extremely powerful. As one realistic Mississippi politician has observed of such an area, "It's hard enough to get the whites to vote."

For the Negro who does vote there

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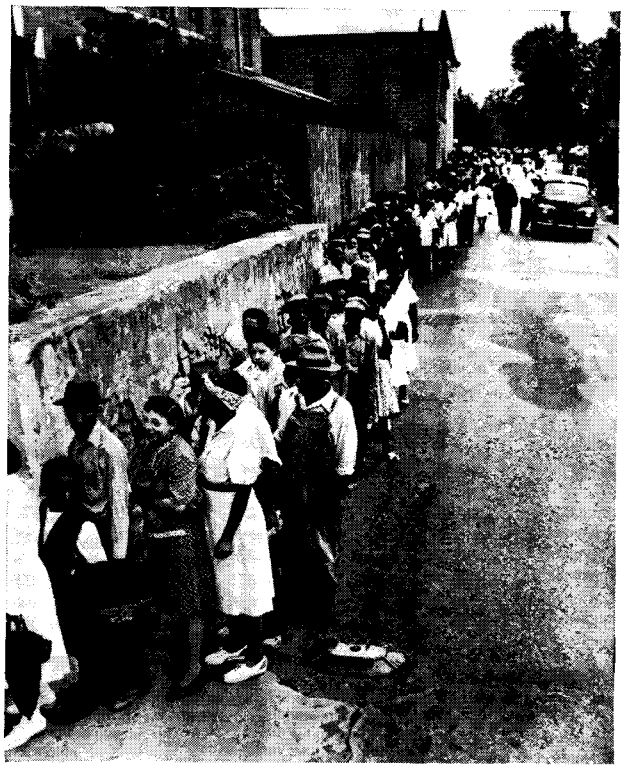
is the question of how he meets his responsibilities and of what meaning he attaches to the act.

As a matter of fact, one importance of the vote—familiar to ward-heelers from time immemorial—is well known in some Negro communities. The Negro vote of some Tennessee cities, where Negroes had the ballot long before 1944, is reputedly delivered C.O.D. in blocs by community bellwethers. And though the practice that Tammany perfected is certainly not limited to the Negro group, Southern whites have always been hypersensitive to the little chicanery that does exist. Consequently the notion still lives that the Negro vote is a venal vote.

The contrary is closer to the truth. One striking aspect of Negro balloting



Wide World

Georgia Primary

is the extraordinary feeling of responsibility that today's Negro leaders have for the civic education of their followers. They know that colored people lost the right to vote after the Civil War partly because of corruption.

In North Carolina and Florida cities, for example, there are local Negro voters' associations that amount to combinations in restraint of bribery. The broadside leveled by a Florida leader after the 1948 primaries against his fellows is typical of this approach: "Another grave danger facing us is the tendency of some Negro leaders to 'sell out' to the politicians. Such leaders have little interest in group welfare, and they are concerned primarily with getting dollars for their own pockets. . . . We must be on the lookout for these 'sell-out' leaders and be ready to expose them."

Association leaders identify the candidates who promise public improvements for the Negro population, and usually deliver the vote to them, perhaps more effectively than the old-style merchant of votes. White politicians, products of party machines, are often taken aback when a Negro leader, after being asked what he wants in return for his support, responds with startling requests for sewers, pavements and schools.

The "delivery" of the Negro vote is no longer treated as a favor for a friend, but as a calculated action to improve the lot of the individual Negro, an action taken in accord with the rest of the community. On this workaday level, democracy and the vote are translated into tangible realities: more public improvements, better sheriffs and county judges. This is the way that the new Negro voter in the South can be—and is being—assimilated into citizenship. A corollary, however, is that Southern Negro leaders, much to the annoyance of their Northern brethren, refuse to excite themselves very much about Fair Employment Practice legislation, which to them seems a will-o'-the-wisp.

On broad state issues, where the lines are clearly drawn between liberal and conservative, the new Negro voters have stood almost to a man for the liberal candidate. Such unified ballot-casting has prompted the opposition to protest about "blind" bloc-voting, and has indicated the possible danger to the Negro of having friends in only one camp. But both the charge and the danger stem from the same source: white anxieties.

The fact is that in states like Virginia and Tennessee, where the Negro's right to participate in politics has not been much in question, he and his fellows have split up along lines that are almost the same as those that divide white voters. In Virginia, for instance, the Byrd machine bucks Negro opposition but for various reasons it also gets Negro support.

The Negro is not out of the woods, but he is moving ahead under leaders who are for the most part remarkably patient, and almost as wary as watchmen in a powder magazine. The problem is not just one of a growing Negro vote, for the ballot box is not all-powerful. In the present changing climate of opinion, even in localities where the Negro vote is negligible colored people are receiving greater consideration in public policy. Their political battles are sometimes being fought by whites, and even where they vote in substantial numbers, their influence springs, in some measure, from the support given them by the increasing group of sympathetic whites.

The president of the Mississippi Farm Bureau Federation phrased it this way in a statement he made about Negro education:

"Just so long as we keep the Negroes an economic liability, just so long do we retard Mississippi's progress. We talk about 'Damyankees.' We'd better do something to show the 'Damyankees.' Too long have we misused education funds in Mississippi. This thing has got to be solved by ourselves or somebody is going to come in and solve it for us—and it won't be solved the way we want it solved."

The threat about what the "Damyankees" will do, incidentally, is usually just a convenient means of gaining leverage in overturning a local taboo. The fundamental basis for action is that everyone knows it ought to be done.

There can be no doubt, however, that this kind of white support rallies to the Negro cause for reasons far more tangible than pure good-will or justice. The Delta Council, for example, an organization of Mississippi plantation operators and businessmen, is the prime

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mover for state legislation to raise the standards of Negro education. While the council would hardly be enthusiastic in support of Negro voting in the heavily Negro counties of the delta, it sees dollars and cents in better education for Negroes who are going to operate the costly farm machinery that the South's newly mechanized agriculture needs.

In the long run, it is this kind of economic shift that may do most to improve the political status of the Southern Negro. As the economy of the South and the Negro's position in it change, he may find his right to vote no longer an issue. It may be revealed more clearly that the Negro's political disfranchisement has rested not alone on color prejudice, but on his subordinate place in a productive system that demanded quantities of low-cost labor.

The mechanization of agriculture and the industrialization of the South in certain areas has increased the Negro's as well as the area's productivity. This has increased his economic independence and his political power, and the movement is not yet near an end. The social changes go on: Negroes leave rural communities and, as the proportion of Negroes and whites becomes more equal, white tensions drop away. And in the wake of social changes come political shifts: In the cities, which continue to grow, the Negro meets less and less opposition to his civic activities.

If the test of Negro political progress is what would have been thought possible twenty years ago, great strides have been made. If more ideal democratic standards are used, the changes look far less impressive. But if no dramatic incident arouses hostilities, a working political order in which the Negro will be fully recognized can be gradually evolved. Remarkable progress toward this end has been achieved in those states that rim the Deep South. Tension exists, but it is under control. The revival of the Klan has amounted to little. The Dixiecrat "rebellion" was pretty farcical.

However, the hard core of resistance —those Southern counties with predominantly Negro populations—has yet to be cracked. It remains to be seen whether a workable solution can be contrived in these areas.

—V. O. Key, Jr.

'Last Hired, First Fired'

Though Negro workers have made impressive gains, they might be first to feel the bite of recession

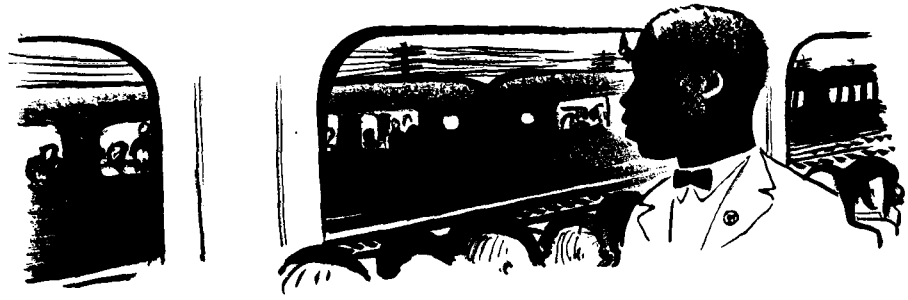
The threat of recession sets all workers on edge, but none more than Negroes, who remember the unnerving phrase, "last hired, first fired." When work gets scarce, many white men grow desperate enough to use race discrimination as a weapon to guard their own security.

Today Negro workers in the United States are in a better position than they have ever been, except at the very peak of war production in 1945. Before the First World War, the overwhelming majority of Negroes earned their pittances in Southern agriculture or in domestic service. Only a few worked in industry, mostly in the Southern trades in which they had traditionally been employed since pre-Civil War days: tobacco, longshore and dock labor, and the building trades. The last gave Negroes their only important chance for skilled employment.

The First World War brought a dramatic change. Immigration was cut off; American industry, expanded by war orders, could no longer look to Europe for unskilled labor. Industry then turned to the South, and thousands, black and white, left Southern cottonfields for Northern plants—and Northern slums. The percentage of Negroes doubled in the steel industry and tripled in the automobile industry. Negro slum areas in Northern cities began to grow large; and, for the first time since Reconstruction days, the Negro vote became worth courting.

During the short but sharp depression of 1921, Negroes lost many of their wartime gains. But they held onto their foothold in Northern industry, although they were once again mostly confined to unskilled and unpleasant jobs. The open-shop days of the 1920's made management the sole judge of employee fitness, and for most employers, "Negro" meant "non-promotable." There was one exception. Henry Ford gave Negroes a break. He promised to keep the percentage of Negroes in the huge River Rouge Plant equal to the percentage of Negroes in the Detroit area. He not only kept his word, but even gave Negroes a chance for better jobs. The Ford Company admitted Negroes to its apprentice-training school, and Negroes were found in virtually all occupations throughout the Rouge factory. Thousands of Negroes left the South between 1920 and 1940 with the same aim—a job at Ford's. In the latter year, more than one-half of all the Negroes in the automobile industry — about eleven thousand — worked at River Rouge.

The 1929 depression brought unimaginable hardships to the Negroes. Not only were they victimized in the usual fashion—that is, refused employment



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when employment was available and laid off in a discriminatory fashion—but they lost jobs which had "belonged" to them. White workers took over streetcleaning, bellhopping, redcapping, and all sorts of service occupations in many areas.

But the depression resulted in the first significant political recognition of Negroes since Reconstruction. The black ghettos of New York, Chicago, and Detroit deserted the party of Lincoln for that of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and the New Deal Administration quickly realized the importance of supporting its new ally. The "consultant on Negro affairs" made his appearance in government departments. Sometimes he was there for window-dressing. But in other cases real results were achieved by Negroes and whites acting in this capacity.

For example, when the first public housing program was begun by the Public Works Administration, a clause was inserted in all contracts for cities with an appreciable Negro population requiring the use of Negro craftsmen in a proportion determined by the last occupational census. Similar clauses were later inserted in nearly all public housing construction contracts, just as the government later tried to ensure nondiscrimination in war production.

Although contractors and unions displayed amazing skill in avoiding the letter and spirit of these requirements, Negroes did receive a sizable number of well-paying jobs, because Dr. Robert C. Weaver, who served as head of this program for a half-dozen agencies, displayed amazing skill in enforcing the law. Weaver was backed to the hilt by such key personnel as Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes and Housing Administrator Nathan Straus. Southern Democrats on the House Appropriations Committee later forced Straus to resign because of his strong stand against race discrimination. The Southern bloc's opposition to fair employment practices helped weld a Southern Democrat-Republican coalition that retarded public housing for many years.

Wartime fair-employment measures grew out of a crisis that developed early in 1941. At that time, it first became apparent that the defense program would soon face a shortage of

white labor, and that Negro labor would have to be utilized more fully than ever before. Some employers—among them, International Harvester, Western Electric, and Briggs Manufacturing—took early steps to train and employ large numbers of Negroes. Similarly, some unions, like the United Automobile Workers and the National Maritime Union, both CIO, and the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, AFL, pushed campaigns to obtain more and better jobs for Negroes. Many other employers and unions, however, refused to alter their discriminatory prewar practices.

As the defense program got underway, government officials were increasingly concerned with the effect of discrimination, both on America's ability to produce and its standing with the nonwhite citizens of the world. Then, in June, 1941, President Roosevelt intervened dramatically, with Executive Order 8802, which "reaffirmed" the American policy barring discrimination because of race, color, creed, or national origin, and which created the Fair Employment Practice Committee.

The authority of the wartime FEPC was not based on statute, but was derived rather from the vast and nebulous war powers of the President. Nevertheless, in many localities, considerable success was achieved in obtaining compliance with the executive order. Thousands of Negroes received employment, or moved up to better jobs, after the FEPC or the U. S. Employment Service intervened in their behalf.

In many cases, however, the FEPC was unable to ensure that its orders were fulfilled. This was particularly true in the South, and it was especially true when unions as well as employers were involved. A typical case was that of the Southern railroads, where the issue was the drive on the part of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen to eliminate Negro firemen on Southern railroads. In spite of the fact that there were not enough firemen, black or white, to man the war-expanded carriers, the Brotherhood continued its discrimination.

Although the wartime FEPC was not always perfectly successful, it did have a powerful ally: the shortage of labor. As a result, not only did two million additional Negroes break into the work force, but the type of jobs Negroes held changed drastically. The most spectacular shift was that from farms to war plants. In 1940, approximately half of the Negroes in the country worked on farms. By 1944, fewer than one-third were so employed. Nearly all of the farm migrants came from the South.

Negro employment in war plants rose steadily after the labor shortage became acute early in 1943. By January 1, 1945, approximately seven hundred thousand Negroes—roughly seven per cent of the total—were employed in the manufacture of such war materials as ammunition, ships, aircraft, communication equipment, and basic metals. The number of Negro government workers increased to 275,000 by April, 1944, and quite a few rose from low-paid custodial work in government bureaus to clerical and professional positions.

These wartime gains should not be taken as an indication that fair employment practices were actually achieved in wartime. Far from it. The basic reason why Negroes made such significant gains during the war was that they had so far to go.

Consider the figures: In 1940, one Negro man in every five was employed as an unskilled laborer. Despite great occupational advances, this ratio still

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held in 1944. The number of Negro men working as proprietors, managers, and officials increased fifty per cent during this four-year period. Yet in April, 1944, fewer than seventy-five thousand Negroes were found in these upper brackets. After four years of defense work and war, over ninety-eight per cent of the clerical and sales force in the country, and ninety-five per cent of the professional, proprietary, and managerial group were white.

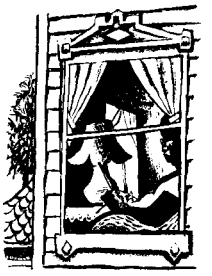
Most students of Negro labor expected Negroes to lose the bulk of their wartime gains as soon as reconversion cutbacks occurred. They reasoned that Negroes were concentrated in the industries that would suffer most after war orders ceased; that, as the last hired, Negroes would be the first laid off, particularly since most layoffs are governed by the seniority principle, under which the oldest employee in point of service is the last laid off. Furthermore, over two-thirds of the Negro population was still in the South.

Fortunately, the prophets were mistaken. The predictions of postwar employment slumps for Negroes were based on assumptions that were not borne out. Most important was the mistaken belief that we were in for an immediate depression. Moreover, the fields in which Negroes made their greatest wartime industrial gains were the heavy-metals industry—iron and steel, automobiles, and electrical products—and meat packing. These industries have led the prosperity parade. The longer Negro workers remain in them, the more seniority they acquire, the better their position will be in case of a recession.

Another factor the postwar prophets overlooked is the importance of unionism. In all the industries just mentioned, unions which stress fair employment practices predominate. These unions (the CIO Auto Workers, Steelworkers, and both AFL and CIO unions of packinghouse workers) have aided Negroes in securing promotions and prevented discriminatory layoffs.

The picture is not all rosy, however. In the railroad industry, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen have continued their fifty-year campaign to drive Negro firemen and brakemen off the railroads. One of the demands of these unions in the recent Missouri Pacific strike was for the elimination of Negro brakemen.

Likewise, Negroes appear to be losing out in the building trades. This is a great loss because it represents a decline in the number of skilled jobs available to them, but neither contractors nor the various building-trades unions are facilitating the hiring of Negro craftsmen or apprentices, and in many cases Negroes are completely barred.



In the South, Negroes made little wartime progress except in unskilled jobs. Hence, when Southern war industry disappeared, Negroes did not lose as much as was expected by those who overestimated Negro gains. Most industries which have moved South since the war have followed the Southern pattern of either excluding Negroes or confining them to unskilled jobs. There is one notable exception to the Southern pattern: International Harvester is following a nondiscrimination policy.

Although the Truman Administration is committed to the passage of FEPC legislation, its early adoption seems unlikely. Of all civil-rights legislation, FEPC will be most bitterly fought by the Southern bloc. The present ruling groups came to power during the post-Civil War Reconstruction days on an all-white industrial and political program. Jobs went to the white masses, and the Negroes were politically *and* economically disenfranchised. The cotton-textile industry was brought South to give jobs to poor whites, and Negroes were barred from the mills, as they have been from nearly every new Southern industry, except in menial occupations. Unionism and fair employment threaten a new economic and political alignment—which the defenders of the status quo will fight doggedly.

In the Northern and Western states, however, FEPC legislation has made important gains. Eight states—New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Mexico, Oregon, and Washington—now have laws making it illegal to discriminate in employment because of race, color, creed, or national origin. Others may adopt similar laws in the near future.

Under the state fair-employment laws, agencies are empowered to investigate and hear charges of discrimination in much the same manner as the National Labor Relations Board handles unfair labor practice cases. The laws provide, however, that conciliatory methods must be attempted before enforcement.

Unfortunately, however, these laws have not had the far-reaching effects their sponsors expected. The basic reason appears to be that workers of minority groups remain reluctant to apply for jobs where they feel they will be rejected. Workers are looking for jobs, not lawsuits or insults. Finally, there is no organization that will play the role that unions have played in unfair labor practice cases.

The value of state fair-employment agencies has also been limited by the stress given conciliation as against enforcement. The agencies often appear more anxious to avoid antagonizing the business community than to push forward their main task.

Yet in the future these state laws may become more significant. A sharp recession would bring many complaints of discrimination, and greater demands for vigorous action. Negroes will undoubtedly still suffer disproportionately, as the Negro community anticipates. But the existence of fair-minded unions that will enforce nondiscriminatory lay-off policies, and the presence of fair employment practice agencies in a number of key states, will certainly mitigate the disaster which a recession or depression will mean for Negro workers. —HERBERT R. NORTHRUP

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The Crisis That Never Came Off

Indianapolis had some moments of tension, but calm won out when Negro children finally were admitted to white schools

The Indianapolis public schools reopened on a warm, brilliant morning this autumn under a mandate from the state legislature to end the segregation of Negro children. The day seemed to be charged with tension in white neighborhoods where Negroes had been infiltrating since the end of the war from overcrowded Negro districts. The last barrier to this invasion—the all-white school—had been outlawed by the 1949 Assembly's Anti-Segregation Act.

This law, which forbids segregation by race, creed, or color in schools and colleges supported by public funds, is regarded as one of the most important pieces of social legislation ever put through in Indiana. It marks the end of one aspect of racial exclusion in a state that has many. Negro children now can be enrolled in the first grade of fifty-one elementary schools, and in the freshman class of six high schools, from which they had been excluded by a segregation policy that dates back to 1875. The law provides for the integration of pupils in the school system, by place of residence instead of race, over a period of five years.

The Schoolmaster had, for twenty-one years, operated on the premise that white children attended white schools and Negro children Negro schools. Mixed schools existed only on the middle borders of the city, where segregation had given way to economy.

But the middle borders had been breaking down since the war. Well-to-do Negroes were moving into the white middle-class districts, like the one in which the Schoolmaster was principal. He had seen their children on winter mornings standing on the corner across the street from the schoolyard, waiting for the antiquated bus that transported them to the Negro school eleven blocks away.

In the face of the new migrations, the school board had stood firm on the tradition that one way to prevent friction was to keep the races apart. It was a nonpartisan and unpaid board. A citizens' committee screened candidates for conservatism and prestige, campaigned for them, and invariably got them elected. The committee did not nominate Negroes.

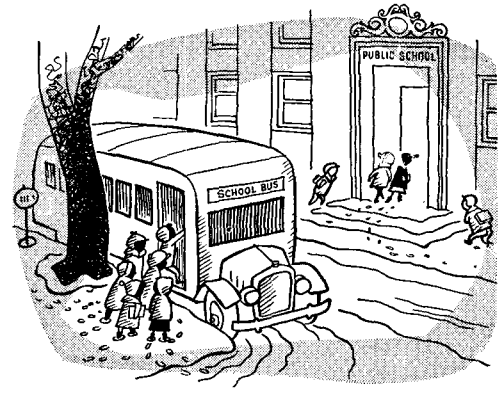
Today, the day of the change, five Negro children were coming to start in the first grade. The Schoolmaster had heard rumors of trouble. There had been anonymous telephone calls to the school office threatening a parents' strike and picketing. The Schoolmaster wished the day were over.

A few minutes before eight o'clock, a half-dozen seventh- and eighth-graders appeared on the sidewalk. The Schoolmaster wished they had not come so early, and hoped they would not be there when the first Negro child arrived.

As the Schoolmaster watched the boys, a motorcycle policeman swooped into the intersection, parked beside a telephone pole, and dismounted. It was the pole on which someone had chalked, "No Niggers Wanted." The message had been partly erased, so that only the word, "Wanted," remained legible. The Schoolmaster wondered whether an adult or a child had written the warning, and whether the erasure had been an effort to obliterate it or embellish it.

The arrival of the traffic policeman renewed the Schoolmaster's anxiety. An elderly civilian traffic guard had always been considered adequate protection for children at the intersection. The traffic policeman, with a yellow triangular patch on the sleeve of his dark-blue Eisenhower jacket, and the civilian guard, who wore a white shirt and a celluloid collar without a tie, waited on opposite corners. Behind the windows of his office, the Schoolmaster waited, too, and it seemed to him that the older boys outside were waiting.

When the Anti-Segregation bill had first come up in the legislature two years before, women and older boys had distributed leaflets in front of the school denouncing the bill as a conspiracy of radicals to incite race trouble. The superintendent of schools had



said the bill would throw the system into confusion. The bill had died in committee in the Republican-dominated 1947 Assembly.

Segregation is a well-entrenched tradition in Indianapolis, where fifty thousand Negoes live in the shadow of the South's Jim Crow. Negroes do not hold any major public offices; they do not occupy the bench in Marion County (Indianapolis), except as special or pro tempore judges. Until this fall, no Negro had served on a grand jury for twenty-five years. There are Negro

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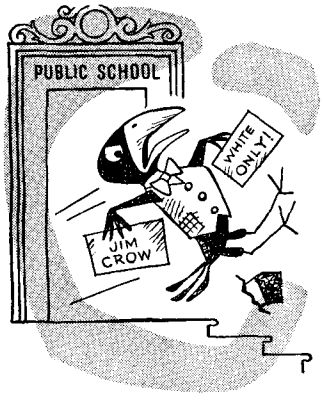
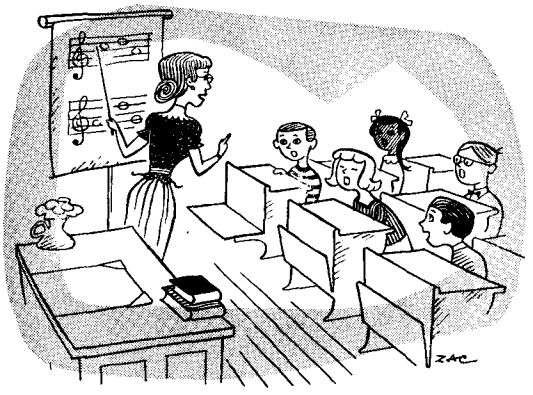
M. D.'s on the county coroner's staff, but they are concerned only with Negro corpses. Negroes usually are not served in downtown restaurants and are not permitted to register in hotels. Negro policemen as a rule do not arrest whites.

The prominence of the Ku Klux Klan in Hoosier politics during the 1920's crushed the Negro politically, and attempted to banish him from competition with white skilled labor. The Klan, which dominated most school boards, saw to it that segregation was extended to the high schools. The Klan was finally blasted out of Indiana politics after a series of scandals, but the pattern of exclusion it had etched into community life remained.

The Citizens' School Committee, which had been formed to resist Klan graft in the school system, continued the segregation program. Even during the early days of the New Deal in Indiana, the Negro did not emerge as a political force. It was not until the middle 1930's that Negroes began to exert group influence in the Republican and Democratic organizations.

It was ten minutes after eight by the octagonal-faced walnut clock on the office wall. About fifty pupils had congregated on the walk. The Schoolmaster considered calling them into the building, but decided against it. Usually the children had to come into the building as soon as they arrived, but on the first day of school some laxity was normal. The principal didn't want to do anything that would make today at all different from a normal day. He feared that any anxiety would be detected by the milling children, and would set the stage for an incident.





An automobile stopped beside a no-parking sign across the street, and a newspaper photographer got out carrying a camera—another harbinger of disaster. The photographer glanced up and down the street. He stuffed extra film holders into his pockets, walked toward the corner to a point opposite the entrance of the school building, and sat down on the grass.

Groups of children were arriving steadily now. They were tanned after the summer, and looked healthy and eager. A woman towed a six-year-old boy with a crew haircut through the cluster of older children. It was time for the first Negro pupils to appear.

Although the numbers of children on the walk were growing, many pupils had come into the building. The Schoolmaster could hear them babbling and laughing in the hall. He tried to imagine some specific incident, but he could not visualize what form it might take. This was not a neighborhood where violence would be expected, although the year before vandals had damaged a house being remodeled into two apartments which would, it was rumored, be rented to Negroes.

The Schoolmaster still couldn't perceive any particular pattern of potential trouble in the molecular groupings of the children outside. He suspected that their formations were purposeful, but at any other time he might not have given them any more significance than the usual desire to linger outside as long as possible in the September sun. If they did not come in before the first bell rang at 8:15, he resolved, he would summon them and clear the walk. That could not be construed as an act beyond the usual school discipline.

When Negro children were admitted to a white school in Gary, in the fall of 1947, there had been a parents' strike. White parents had kept their children home until the board threatened to expel them. One father was arrested, under the Anti-Hate Act which the legislature passed in the spring of the year, for inciting race disturbance. The Gary strike collapsed before three weeks, but Indianapolis school administrators had taken it as an omen, and had cited it to Negro citizens who appeared before the school board to protest segregation.

The Schoolmaster could not rid himself of a feeling that the developing situation outside was somehow his fault. But he did not know how to deal with it without making a gesture that might precipitate an incident by suggesting that he anticipated one. An incident might be excused by his superiors as the inevitable result of a law they hadn't wanted in the first place. But the publicity it would engender, particularly if it was isolated to his school, would be unfortunate.

The first bell rang; it sounded like an alarm. In the silence afterward, he heard the click of the clock's brass pendulum as it swung relentlessly toward the crisis.

A horn blew like a trumpet outside, and the Schoolmaster started for the window. It was simply the driver of an automobile behind someone who had double-parked to let children out. He became aware of running children in the corridor. They should not have been running. Discipline seemed to be unraveling at the edges, and the Schoolmaster began to feel that the school was slipping out of his control.

It was seventeen minutes after eight when the crisis finally began.

It was heralded by a little Negro girl with a red ribbon in her hair, who was being escorted toward the intersection by her mother. The Schoolmaster noted that the little girl wore a starched white blouse, a red plaid skirt, red socks, and new patent-leather oxfords. As the mother and child waited on the corner, it seemed to the Schoolmaster that the whole structure of security in the neighborhood began to rock.

The traffic policeman saw the mother and child and blew his whistle. The stream of traffic parted like the waters of Jordan, and the pair hurried across the street. A white boy about ten years old ran past them, looked back, and ran on to join the massed children.

As the young matron approached with the new pupil, the phalanx of

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children blocking the walk began to shift into uneven contours, and a lane appeared, through which the new arrivals moved. The Schoolmaster watched until the two disappeared from view as they reached the steps. He walked quickly into the hall and waited. He saw them coming tentatively along the hall toward him, looking for the first-grade room.

"Good morning," the Schoolmaster said in his deep, calm voice.

"Say good morning to the principal, Melody Jean," the mother said. Melody Jean hung her head.

"Say good morning," said the mother. "This is your principal."

"Good morning," said Melody Jean.

The mother's face was anxious: "I hope she won't cry the first day."

The Schoolmaster realized, then, that the child had lost her racial identity in his mind, and he answered in the patronizing voice he used with mothers uncertain about the behavior of their six-year-olds on the first day of school:

"You don't have to worry about that. She'll be fine."

The Schoolmaster escorted them to the room where the first-grade teacher was seating the children. It was just across the hall, and he wanted to look in there anyway, he thought. He noted that the teacher seated Melody Jean in the second seat of the second row, and he was satisfied this followed the instruction of the board to "follow the letter of the law."

The children on the walk had closed in behind the new pupil, and now were streaming into the building with high and excited voices. The other Negro children who arrived with their parents had scarcely attracted notice, and the Schoolmaster saw the mothers walking slowly through the emptying hallway, looking back at the open door of the room where their children had been absorbed into a new design.

The Schoolmaster walked back into his office. Except for the departing mothers, the walk was deserted. The photographer's car was gone. The traffic policeman was getting on his motorcycle. The deep-green leaves of the maples across the street were perfectly still, and the pavement shimmered in the hot sunlight.

The tardy-bell rang, and the Schoolmaster heard the first-grade teacher step into the hall and quietly close the door.

—Richard Lewis

The Negro Press

The papers, sometimes more concerned with profits than principles, will last as long as segregation

Last July when Walter White, Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, who is on a year's leave, married Mrs. Poppy Cannon, a successful white advertising executive, the daily newspapers—including a number in the Southern backwoods—took the incident in their stride. Most of them published only the brief Associated Press dispatch on the marriage, plus a few facts about the bride's background and her previous marriages, and a summary of White's career.

Liberals, Negro and white, were considerably relieved at the calm acceptance of an interracial marriage on so high a level. But it turned out that their relief was premature. Negro newspapers, with very few exceptions, blasted the marriage in a manner that won the approval of the white bigots who hate Walter White more than they do the Negro press.

A typical reaction was that of the Norfolk *Journal and Guide*, which remarked, with a straight face:

"It is not likely, however, that this gentleman, prone as he is to serve his selfish interests, will feel overly concerned about what happens to the NAACP, now that he has attained his latest ambition, but a prompt and official announcement that he will not return to his post at the expiration of his leave is in order."

There were, as I have said, exceptions. Roscoe Dunjee of the Oklahoma City *Black Dispatch*, for instance, wrote a well-reasoned editorial in which he said that, by attacking the marriage:

"We are agreeing in the concept the white man offers that his mate is something different from other women in the world. That is where unreason leads us. When we can think in terms of women and men and not in terms of colors we will have reached the abstract ground we should stand upon in human relationships and marriage." But the *Black Dispatch* was in a small minority.

The attack on White is not typical of the way the Negro press operates, but it does reveal some interesting characteristics of this product of American segregation. It was not the idea of mixed marriages that many of the editorial-writers objected to. (A vituperative critic of White had defended logically and well the marriage of Paul Robeson, Jr., and one of his white classmates a few months before.) But many of the publishers had for a long time been jealous of White's national and international reputation as the spokesman of the American Negro people, and this was a chance to get back at him.

But, far more important, the White incident showed the importance of the cleavage segregation has created in this country. In defending White and his bride, Roscoe Dunjee said, "the average black man and woman . . . seek to do the same thing to the white man they feel the Nordics have done to them."

Although Negro newspapers have

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been published continuously in this country since 1827 (when John B. Russworm and Samuel Cornish established *Freedom's Journal* in New York City) most white Americans do not even know they exist, and very few have read them.

There are about 150 Negro newspapers in America. One of them—the Atlanta *World*—is a sizable daily. The rest are weeklies, semiweeklies, or biweeklies. There is no exact record of their circulation, since only twenty-four subscribe to the Audit Bureau of Circulations. A.B.C. figures reveal, however, that these twenty-four sold almost a million copies a week in September, 1949, and the Office of War Information during the Second World War estimated, on the basis of an extensive survey, that at least four million Negroes read a Negro newspaper every week. No other segment of the American press has a stronger hold on readers than the Negro newspapers.

Living all their lives in a segregated society; ignored, stigmatized, or lampooned in the daily press, Negro Americans have learned that only in their own weekly newspapers can they find a record of their achievements (often overemphasized), a mirror of their emotions, and an expression of their yearnings for full citizenship and dignity. Other papers furnish none of these things. The best chance an ordinary Negro has to get into a white newspaper is by committing a crime.

Items of social activities make up much of the Negro press.

Because Negroes require recognition that they don't get in the daily press, about 280,000 of them paid ten and fifteen cents a copy every week during September for the Pittsburgh *Courier;* 200,000 purchased the *Afro-American* in Washington, Baltimore, Newark, Philadelphia, and Richmond; and 170,000 bought the national or the local edition of the Chicago *Defender.*

The Negro press first attracted national attention during the Second World War, when Westbrook Pegler, Virginius Dabney, and other writers bitterly assailed Negro papers for "race-angling" the news and allegedly damaging Negro morale.

Of course, these critics did not point out that the usual news about Negroes in America is "race-angled" at the source. They objected to bitter Negro newspaper stories describing attacks on Negro soldiers in Southern training camps—never considering that the stories were "race-angled" because of the Army's Jim Crow policies and its

failure to protect black wearers of their country's uniform. They accused these papers of "stirring up" Negroes about similar exclusions and discriminations in civilian as well as military life, apparently believing that the stories, not the facts, were to blame.

As Thomas Sancton, a young white Mississippian then editing *The New Republic,* said: "They accuse the Negro press of creating something to which it has only given expression: the American Negro's drive for the freedoms, rights, privileges and human happiness for which the war itself is being fought."

Sancton put his finger on another factor that figured largely in the wartime drive to censor the Negro press in the name of national defense—a drive which, ironically, was stopped mainly by Walter White. Sancton wrote of the shock of first discovery: "When a white man first reads a Negro newspaper, it is like getting a bucket of cold water in the face. . . . It would do many a Southerner and many a South-hating Yankee sahib a lot of good to take a look at the Negro press. They won't get their accustomed deference. The Negro writers, over and over, in all possible variations, with a variety of tones and shadings, with none of the ambiguous and deceitful language by which hard facts are softened in the white press, tell the Negro exactly what the white man is doing for him and to him. . . ."

During the Second World War some government officials were indignant to the point of demanding sedition actions when they read biting Negro press attacks on segregation, job barriers, military restrictions, and other accepted American practices.

White and others cited at the time an important function of this segregated press—that of safety valve. The Negro press was a medium in which one-tenth of the American people could give expression to *their* indignation over the disgraceful treatment of Ne-

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groes in the armed forces and war plants. More broadly, the Negro press made a significant contribution to winning the war by forcing the Navy to abandon its "Negro messmen only" policy; needling the Army into a wider use of Negro combat troops; and literally battering down racial barriers against hundreds of thousands of Negro war workers in munitions and other plants.

But not all criticism directed at Negro newspapers then and now has been unjustified. Through careless and faulty reporting, these papers have often retarded the progress they seek. Negro employment was delayed in many war plants, for instance, because local papers were more interested in blasting previous policies of exclusion than in urging unskilled Negro laborers to take advantage of the available training courses. Many a Negro reader, discouraged by the constant harping on lack of opportunity, regarded such training as hopeless.

There were notable exceptions, however. The Kansas City *Call* refused to accept an airplane manufacturer's announcement that he would only employ Negroes as janitors. Marshaling the political strength of its readers, this paper brought pressure to bear on the local mayor and on Congressmen, who denounced the industrialist's stand. At the same time, it fought for training courses for Negro war workers, and urged Negroes to attend these courses. The employer finally relented. Hundreds of trained Negro workers finally got production jobs.

The wartime recognition in high quarters of the importance of the Negro press curiously enough was not altogether beneficial. Received at the White House by President Roosevelt and President Truman, given belated recognition over the radio and in a few liberal white magazines, many Negro publishers became too convinced of their own personal importance and influence, and often confused this with the influence of their papers and their readers.

This Bertie McCormick habit of identifying one's personal bias with the needs and desires of one's readers may further decrease the influence of a large number of Negro weeklies. It may be one factor in the 62,905 weekly loss of circulation suffered by the twenty-four A.B.C. papers in the year ending September, 1949.

A typical case is possibly that of the Pittsburgh *Courier,* the paper which in 1932 was credited with swinging the powerful Negro vote into the Democratic column for the first time. The *Courier* fought Roosevelt during his last two terms and opposed the election of President Truman in 1948. Like a majority of other papers in America, the *Courier* felt that Roosevelt could not win a third term, and that Truman would be beaten by Dewey. Its editors apparently identified themselves with business, and wanted to be on the winning side.

The Negro voters ignored the *Courier* and most of the other major Negro papers, and the *Courier* now does its best to ignore Mr. Truman's re-election. It usually mentions him only to attack him. Just a few weeks ago, the Pittsburgh weekly denounced the President (in a highly editorialized news story) for appointing Gov. William Hastie of the Virgin Islands as the first Negro jurist on the Federal Court of Appeals. Appeals Court judges don't

sit in open court, the story contended; therefore Truman should have appointed Hastie to a lower court where more people could see him. This point was not made out of morbid sensitivity; it was apparently just a crack at a political enemy.

In seeking circulation many Negro papers devote their largest headlines to crimes committed by Negroes, and publish the same sort of stories they denounce in the white press.

Although the editorials and signed columns in the Negro press usually contain some of the most vigorous editorial expression in America, the average news story is badly written, poorly edited, and often based on rumors which could be easily checked.

Much of this stems from the lack of incentive that Negro publishers have held out to Negro employees. Until the American Newspaper Guild set out to organize the major Negro weeklies, Negro newspapermen were among the lowest paid in the industry, many receiving no salary at all beyond publicity payments from the sources of "puff" stories. Reporters who help organize a Guild shop are sometimes denounced as "traitors to the race" and "enemies of Negro business" by publishers who have lavish summer homes, extensive real-estate investments, and five- and six-figure incomes. One publisher who had bitterly attacked AFL bans against Negro trade unionists was silent when the AFL typographical union refused to admit his own Negro printers. His workers were finally forced to join a CIO toymakers' union.

The advertising departments of Negro newspapers also contribute to many inconsistencies. While opposing Negro "ghettoes" and segregated communities, most Negro papers eagerly solicit "Negro-only" housing advertisements and seek to sell other advertisers by pointing out that the Negro market is "a city within a city." Apparently none of the Negro publishers who vigorously attacked a *Look* Magazine article which told of a new chemical that may turn Negroes white felt inconsistent, even though they went on filling their advertising columns with display ads for skin bleaches and hair-straighteners.

These are, of course, also faults of the American press at large, and Negro publishers, like their white counterparts, are just businessmen. Few of them are really qualified, by recent experience, to speak of the sufferings and aspirations of the Negro people.

This does not mean that the Negro press has given up the fight for Negro rights. As long as segregation and discrimination exist in America, there will be men on Negro newspapers who will feel it keenly and fight it vigorously. Improvements like those brought by the Guild cannot lift these men too high above the daily struggle to make them forget their mission. They will not forget the daily frustrations, vexations, exclusions, and oppressions that hem in the daily life of their one-tenth of the nation. —TED POSTON

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The Shadow and the Act

A critic comments on four films about Negroes — 'Lost Boundaries,' 'Pinky,' 'Home of the Brave,' and, best of all, 'Intruder in the Dust'

Faulkner has given us a metaphor. When, in the film *Intruder in the Dust,* the young Mississippian Chick Mallison falls into an ice-coated creek on a Negro's farm, he finds that he has plunged into the depth of a reality which constantly reveals itself as the reverse of what it had appeared before his plunge. Here the ice—white, brittle, and eggshell thin—symbolizes Chick's inherited views of the world, especially his Southern conception of Negroes. Emerging more shocked by the air than by the water, he finds himself locked in a moral struggle with the owner of the land, Lucas Beauchamp, the son of a slave, who, while aiding the boy, angers him by refusing to act toward him as Southern Negroes are expected to act.

To Lucas, Chick is not only a child but his guest. Thus he not only dries the boy's clothes; he insists that he eat the only food in the house, Lucas's own dinner. When Chick (whose white standards won't allow him to accept the hospitality of a Negro) attempts to pay him, Lucas refuses to accept the money. What follows is one of the most sharply amusing studies of Southern racial ethics to be seen anywhere. Asserting his whiteness, Chick throws the money on the floor, ordering Lucas to pick it up; Lucas, disdaining to quarrel with a child, has Chick's young Negro companion, Aleck Sander, return the coins.

Defeated but still determined, Chick later seeks to discharge his debt by sending Lucas and his wife a gift. Lucas replies by sending Chick a gallon of molasses by—outrage of all Southern Negro outrages!—a white boy on a mule. It is too much, and from that moment it becomes Chick's passion to repay his debt and to see Lucas for once "act like a nigger." The opportunity has come, he thinks, when Lucas is charged with shooting a white man in the back. But instead of humbling himself, Lucas (from his cell) tells, almost orders, Chick to prove him innocent by violating the white man's grave.

In the end we see Chick recognizing Lucas as the representative of those virtues of courage, pride, independence, and patience that are usually attributed only to white men—and, in his uncle's words, accepting the Negro as "the keeper of our [the whites'] consciences." This bit of dialogue, coming after the real murderer is revealed as the slain man's own brother, is, when viewed historically, about the most remarkable concerning a Negro ever to come out of Hollywood.

With this conversation, the falling into creeks, the digging up of corpses, and the confronting of lynch mobs that mark the plot, all take on a new significance: Not only have we been watching the consciousness of a young Southerner grow through the stages of a superb mystery drama, we have participated in a process by which the role of Negroes in American life has been given what, for the movies, is a startling new definition.

Intruder in the Dust: *Chick and Beauchamp's wife*

To appreciate fully the significance of *Intruder in the Dust* in the history of Hollywood we must go back to the film that is regarded as the archetype of the modern American motion picture, *The Birth of a Nation.*

Originally entitled *The Clansman,* the film was inspired by another Southern novel, the Reverend Thomas Dixon's work of that title, which also inspired Joseph Simmons to found the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. (What a role these malignant clergymen have played in our lives!) Re-entitled *The Birth of a Nation* as an afterthought, it was this film that forged the twin screen image of the Negro as bestial rapist and grinning, eye-rolling clown—stereotypes that are still with us today. Released during 1915, it resulted in controversy, riots, heavy profits, and the growth of the Klan. Of it Terry Ramsaye, a historian of the American motion-picture industry, writes: "The picture . . . and the K.K.K. secret society, which was the afterbirth of a nation, were sprouted from the same root. In subsequent years they reacted upon each other to the large profit of both. The film presented predigested dramatic experience and thrills. The society made the customers all actors in costume."

Usually, *The Birth of a Nation* is discussed in terms of its contributions to cinema technique, but, as with every other technical advance since the oceanic sailing ship, it became a further instrument in the dehumanization of the Negro. And while few films have gone so far in projecting Negroes in a malignant light, few before the 1940's

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showed any concern with depicting their humanity. Just the opposite. In the struggle against Negro freedom, motion pictures have been one of the strongest instruments for justifying some white Americans' anti-Negro attitudes and practices. Thus the South, through D. W. Griffith's genius, captured the enormous myth-making potential of the film form almost from the beginning. While the Negro stereotypes by no means made all white men Klansmen, the cinema did, to the extent that audiences accepted its image of Negroes, make them participants in the South's racial ritual of keeping the Negro "in his place."

After Reconstruction the political question of what was to be done with Negroes, "solved" by the Hayes-Tilden deal of 1876, came down to the psychological question: "How can the Negro's humanity be evaded?" The problem, arising in a democracy that holds all men as created equal, was a highly moral one; democratic ideals had to be squared with anti-Negro practices. One answer was to *deny* the Negro's humanity—a pattern set long before 1915. But with the release of *The Birth of a Nation* the propagation of subhuman images of Negroes became financially and dramatically profitable. The Negro as scapegoat could be sold as entertainment, could even be exported. If the film became the main manipulator of the American dream, for Negroes that dream contained a strong dose of such stuff as nightmares are made of.

We are recalling all this not so much as a means of indicting Hollywood as by way of placing *Intruder in the Dust,* and such recent films as *Home of the Brave, Lost Boundaries,* and *Pinky* in perspective. To direct an attack upon Hollywood would indeed be to confuse portrayal with action, image with reality. In the beginning was not the shadow, but the act, and the province of Hollywood is not action, but illusion. Actually, the anti-Negro images of the films were (and are) acceptable because of the existence throughout the United States of an audience obsessed with an inner psychological need to view Negroes as less than men. Thus psychologically and ethically, these negative images constitute justifications for all those acts, legal, emotional, economic, and political, which we label Jim Crow. The anti-Negro image is thus a ritual object of which Hollywood is not the creator, but the manipulator. Its role has been that of justifying the widely held myth of Negro unhumanness and inferiority by offering entertaining rituals through which that myth could be reaffirmed.

The great significance of the definition of Lucas Beauchamp's role in *Intruder in the Dust* is that it makes explicit the nature of Hollywood's changed attitude toward Negroes. Form being, in the words of Kenneth Burke, "the psychology of the audience," what is taking place in the American movie patron's mind? Why these new attempts to redefine the Negro's role? What has happened to the audience's mode of thinking?

For one thing there was the war; for another there is the fact that the United States' position as a leader in world affairs is shaken by its treatment of Negroes. Thus the thinking of white Americans is undergoing a process of change, and reflecting that change, we find that each of the films mentioned above deals with some basic and usually negative assumption about Negroes: Are Negroes cowardly soldiers? *(Home of the Brave);* are Negroes the real polluters of the South? *(Intruder in the Dust);* have mulatto Negroes the right to pass as white, at the risk of having black babies, or if they have white-skinned children, of having to kill off their "white" identities by revealing to them that they are, alas, Negroes? *(Lost Boundaries);* and finally, should Negro girls marry white men or—wonderful non-sequitur—should they help their race? *(Pinky).*

Beauchamp

Obviously these films are not *about* Negroes at all; they are about what whites think and feel about Negroes. And if they are taken as accurate reflectors of that thinking, it becomes apparent that there is much confusion. To make use of Faulkner's metaphor again, the film makers fell upon the eggshell ice but, unlike the child, weren't heavy enough to break it. And, being unable to break it, they were unable to discover the real direction of their film narratives. In varying degree, they were unwilling to dig into the grave to expose the culprit, and thus we find them using ingenious devices for evading the full human rights of their Negroes. The result represents a defeat not only of drama, but of purpose.

In *Home of the Brave,* for instance, a psychiatrist tells the Negro soldier that his hysterical paralysis is like that of any other soldier who has lived when his friends have died; and we hear the soldier pronounced cured; indeed, we see him walk away prepared to open a bar and restaurant with a white veteran. But here there is an evasion (and by *evasion* I refer to the manipulation of the audience's attention away from reality to focus it upon false issues), because the guilt from which the Negro is supposed to suffer springs from an incident in which, immediately after his friend has called him a "yellowbelly nigger," he has wished the friend dead—only to see the wish granted by a sniper's bullet.

What happens to this racial element in the motivation of his guilt? The psychiatrist ignores it, and becomes a sleight-of-hand artist who makes it vanish by repeating again that the Negro is like everybody else. Nor, I believe, is this accidental, for it is here exactly that we come to the question of whether Negroes can rightfully be expected to risk their lives in an army in which they are slandered and discriminated against. Psychiatry is not, I'm afraid, the answer. The soldier suffers from concrete acts, not hallucinations.

And so with the others. In *Lost Boundaries* the question evaded is whether a mulatto Negro has the right to practice the old American pragmatic philosophy of capitalizing upon one's assets. For after all, whiteness *has* been given an economic and social value in our culture; and for the doctor upon whose life the film is based "passing" was the quickest and most certain means to success.

Yet Hollywood is uncertain about his right to do this. The film does not render the true circumstances. In real life Dr. Albert Johnson, the Negro doctor who "passed" as white, purchased the thriving practice of a

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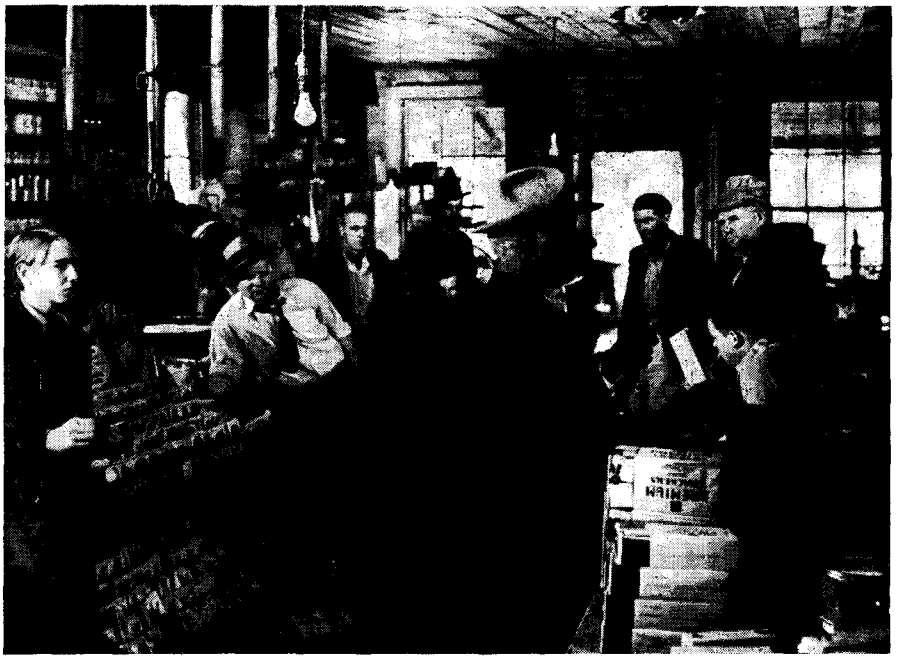
deceased physician in Gorham, New Hampshire, for a thousand dollars. Instead a fiction is introduced in the film wherein Dr. Carter's initial motivation for "passing" arises after he is refused an internship by dark Negroes in an Atlanta hospital—because of his color! It just isn't real, since there are thousands of mulattoes living as Negroes in the South, many of them Negro leaders. The only functional purpose served by this fiction is to gain sympathy for Carter by placing part of the blame for his predicament upon black Negroes. Nor should the irony be missed that part of the sentiment evoked when the Carters are welcomed back into the community is gained by painting Negro life as horrible, a fate worse than a living death. It would seem that in the eyes of Hollywood, it is only "white" Negroes who ever suffer—or is it merely the "white" corpuscles of their blood?

Pinky, for instance, is the story of another suffering mulatto, and the suffering grows out of a confusion between race and love. If we attempt to reduce the heroine's problem to sentence form we'd get something like this: "Should white-skinned Negro girls marry white men, or should they inherit the plantations of old white aristocrats (providing they can find any old aristocrats to will them their plantations) or should they live in the South and open nursery schools for black Negroes?" It doesn't follow, but neither does the action. After sitting through a film concerned with interracial marriage, we see it suddenly become a courtroom battle over whether Negroes have the right to inherit property.

Pinky wins the plantation, and her lover, who has read of the fight in the Negro press, arrives and still loves her, race be hanged. But now Pinky decides that to marry him would "violate the race" and that she had better remain a Negro. Ironically, nothing is said about the fact that her racial integrity, whatever that is, was violated before she was born. Her parents are never mentioned in the film. Following the will of the white aristocrat, who, before dying, advises her to "be true to herself," she opens a school for darker Negroes.

But in real life the choice is not between loving or denying one's race. Many couples manage to intermarry without violating their integrity, and indeed their marriage becomes the concrete expression of their integrity. In the film Jeanne Crain floats about like a sleepwalker, which seems to me to be exactly the way a girl so full of unreality would act. One thing is certain: No one is apt to mistake her for a Negro, not even a white one.



Trouble ahead: Chick and the 'uppity' Beauchamp in a country store

And yet, despite the absurdities with which these films are laden, they are all worth seeing, and if seen, capable of involving us emotionally. That they do is testimony to the deep centers of American emotion that they touch. Dealing with matters which, over the years, have been slowly charging up with guilt, they all display a vitality which escapes their slickest devices. And, naturally enough, one of the most interesting experiences connected with viewing them in predominantly white audiences is the profuse flow of tears and the sighs of profound emotional catharsis heard on all sides. It is as though there were some deep relief to be gained merely from seeing these subjects projected upon the screen.

It is here precisely that a danger lies. For the temptation toward self-congratulation which comes from seeing these films and sharing in their emotional release is apt to blind us to the true nature of what is unfolding—or failing to unfold—before our eyes. As an antidote to the sentimentality of these films, I suggest that they be seen in predominantly Negro audiences. For here, when the action goes phony, one will hear derisive laughter, not sobs. (Perhaps this is what Faulkner means about Negroes keeping the white man's conscience.) Seriously, *Intruder in the Dust* is the only film that could be shown in Harlem without arousing unintended laughter. For it is the only one of the four in which Negroes can make complete identification with their screen image. Interestingly, the factors that make this identification possible lie in its depiction not of racial, but of human, qualities.

Yet in the end, turning from art to life, we must even break with the definition of the Negro's role given us by Faulkner. For when it comes to conscience, we know that in this world each of us, black and white alike, must become the keeper of his own. This, in the deepest sense, is what these four films, taken as a group, should help us realize.

Faulkner himself seems to realize it. In the book *Intruder in the Dust*, Lucas attempts not so much to be the keeper of anyone else's conscience as to preserve his own life. Chick, in aiding Lucas, achieves that view of truth on which his own conscience depends.

—Ralph Ellison

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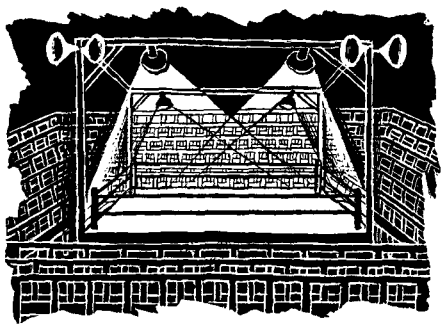
To Man's Measure . . .



Frenchman Boy

At first the crowd was all for the American. It was Cerdan's first fight here, and many people thought he was another foreigner brought in, like Jack Doyle, the Irish Thrush, because the fights were so dull. The Garden had even imported a Dutchman who had become a German, but the patriotic societies had not liked that; so all the Garden could do was to keep the Dutch-German busily training for fights that the Garden did not dare put on. After a while, the naturalized German got tired of training all by himself; so that importation was a flop, and Europe's dollar shortage remained what it was. The Garden had brought in a French butcher with the biggest hands anyone would want to see, and this one had courage enough, bled enough, but did not win very often. So the night that Marcel Cerdan fought Georgie Abrams the crowd was mostly for Abrams, because he had always fought hard and they knew him, and also because he was an American; you might prefer Jake LaMotta or somebody, but you would not just normally prefer a Frenchman unless you were practically senile and remembered the Carpentier-Dempsey fight. Then you had only preferred Carpentier after he had lost it.

At the Abrams-Cerdan fight the crowd called loudly on Abrams to do a job on the Frenchman, and it kept on yelling until it began to see that the Frenchman was doing a job himself. Cerdan was fast; he kept coming in, he punched with both hands, he never slowed up; a man who had been cheering Abrams for seven rounds suddenly shouted, "Come on, Frenchman boy!" Cerdan won the fight. Afterward the fight crowd liked all his fights. But it was not just the fight crowd that liked him. There would be somebody in a rooming house who knew that a Frenchman had a room upstairs, and on the night of a Cerdan fight, he would go upstairs and invite the Frenchman to listen in on the radio. When you ran into a Frenchman, no matter what kind of a Frenchman, you would have Cerdan to talk about even if you had never seen a fight and did not want to. It was the way Frenchmen in France used always to have something to say to an American about Lindbergh, or Charlie Chaplin. It made for a kind of friendly feeling.

Cerdan won the middleweight title from Tony Zale, the Polish-American boy from Gary, and lost it to Jake LaMotta, the Italian-American boy from the Bronx. He was coming back for a return match with LaMotta when his plane crashed in the Azores.

Forty-eight lost their lives—the young French violinist, Ginette Neveu; Boutet de Monvel, the society painter; the pilot Jean de la Noue; and the rest —all human beings, each of unique interest, and differing from one another in only one respect: Some were known to the general public and some were not. When Thornton Wilder wrote about the disaster at the Bridge of San Luis Rey, he paid equal attention to all the victims. Newspapers are not novelists nor, godlike, can they concern themselves impartially with all who live and die. There was only one name in the headlines: Cerdan's.

When the news of Cerdan's death reached New York, a nationally-circulated picture magazine, noted for its earnest, groping editorials, rushed a camera crew to the night club where Cerdan's compatriot and friend Edith Piaf has been singing. It was hoped that the cameramen might just happen to be present should the singer break down and collapse.

Jake LaMotta and his mother spent the day in church lighting candles for "our friend."

Proud Day

It is justice that matters, not the judges who administer it. Probably, it is as impudent to praise a judge as to abuse one. If the name of Judge Learned Hand appears in this note it is only because he presided on the three-judge bench of the United States Circuit Court which admitted the eleven Communists to bail. If the name of Irving S. Shapiro appears it is because he spoke in court for the Department of Justice. The clear and wonderful honesty of that short day in court showed justice at its best.

The Communist trial had lasted nine months; it was a fair trial; the government had worked hard for conviction and had obtained it. Now the convicted men were asking to be re-

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leased on bail pending appeal, and they stated carefully that when released they would continue the activities for which they had been convicted. Yet at the hearing on the matter of bail the government, i.e., Mr. Shapiro, said: "The one question which in the view of the Attorney-General presents a serious matter is the question of First Amendment rights [free speech] . . . we go so far as to say that the defendants have an arguable point at least for consideration by an appellate court. We think they are wrong, we hope they are wrong, but the point is there and it will have to be argued."

Judge Learned Hand: "You do not claim the constitutional question is not substantial?"

Mr. Shapiro: "That puts it to me in a hard way."

Judge Hand: "I know."

And later, Mr. Shapiro: "If a man were convicted of robbery and announced in open court he had already planned another robbery as soon as he got out, there is hardly a judge who would consider granting him bail."

Judge Hand: "Not even if his conviction were doubtful? . . . I should have considerable doubt as to the power of a judge to deny bail under those circumstances, if he had any doubt that the actual conviction was likely to stand. That would give him a police power, wouldn't it?"

Next day the convicted Communists were admitted to bail. This was done quietly, dispassionately, the government showing that its dominant concern was with the law as was the court's. It is our special way of having a People's Court.

Little School by the River

Jefferson Military College, a preparatory school near Natchez, Mississippi, has been described as "mosshung." The school is 147 years old; Jefferson Davis studied there. It has a right to look old; possibly it is even charming, although that word, to our mind, could rarely fit any institution where little boys presumably wear quaint uniforms and are forced to drill. The Mississippi rolls by Natchez (population: 15,000), but no passenger trains stop there; life must be very quiet at the school.

It seems odd that Jefferson Military College should ever have become an object of concern to the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League to Champion Human Rights, Inc., of New York—but it has, and the League busily requests President Truman and the Secretary of Defense to see to it that the young soldiers of Jefferson Military College shall never get a chance to further their careers at West Point.

This trouble, and others too, came when a wealthy old gentleman, who knew that the school had no money, offered it fifty million dollars so that it could scrape off the moss and look like Duke University. Judge Armstrong—he once held a county judgeship in Texas—tied very few strings to the gift; he asked only that the school "shall be primarily for white Christians, with the stipulation that no African or Asiatic . . . be admitted as a student." The African clause meant nothing new because Mississippi law insists on segregation anyway; the Asiatic clause at first was thought to refer to the presence of a small Chinese colony some miles upriver. But Judge Armstrong, in a decision all his own, ruled that Asiatic meant Jewish.

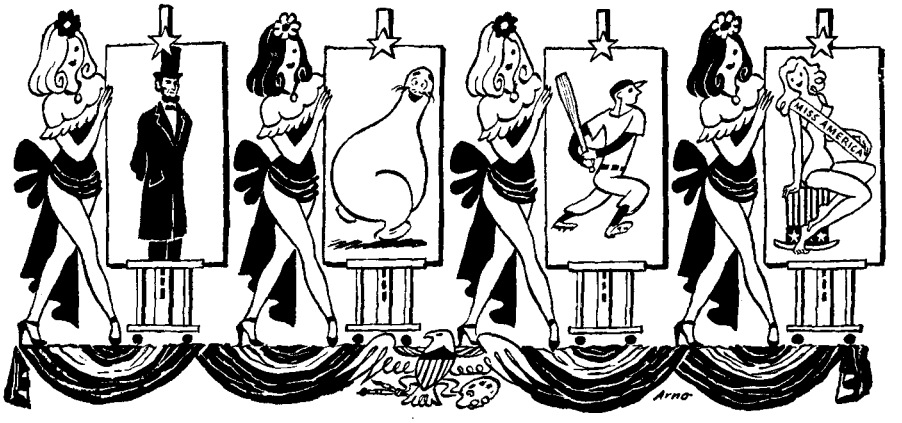
Jefferson Military evidently does not enjoy that *sine qua non* of American institutions of learning: the Public-Relations Official. Lured by the idea of fifty million (which turned out to be only potential wealth dependent on oil futures), the board of trustees understandably hesitated for a day or so. An efficient P.R. man would have kept that hesitation well concealed. Since public relations were left to amateurs, news got round that the school, having taught white supremacy for 147 years out of conviction, was now going to do so for money. Recovering from an awestruck indecision, the trustees decisively turned down the temptor and proclaimed that the school was as liberal as Notre Dame.

There has been another turn of the screw. The school has received a hundred dollars—from a Negro Chamber of Commerce in Chicago, which feels that even if Jefferson Military College does not admit Negroes, its stand against anti-Semitism makes it worthy of support.

Export-Import

"We should fight propaganda, whether in print, statues, or on canvas that represents an ideology opposed to the things for which this country stands. Too often we send pictures abroad in an idiom we think will be pleasing to Europe. We should give them things straight from the shoulder; things that are really American."—Dr. Francis H. Taylor, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. So much for the export policy of U. S. culture.

Meanwhile, on the import side, France and Holland recently sent us some of their greatest paintings. Van Gogh, who painted them, ended in lunacy and suicide. By any of the usual standards, he was un-French and un-Dutch—not at all straight from the shoulder. —G.P.



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Switzerland

The Children of Chaos

Three years ago, on a grassy, fir-studded slope above the tidy town of Trogen in northeastern Switzerland, a village suddenly appeared. It was named Pestalozzi, after the eighteenth-century Swiss educator who took in Swiss orphans after Napoleon's invasion. Technically speaking, it was an orphanage—but, with its gay flower gardens, stone-trimmed paths, and inviting timber houses looking out over the lovely Lake of Constance, it was like no asylum ever seen anywhere.

Here, from all over Europe, came nearly two hundred boys and girls orphaned by the war—collected from crowded institutions, or concentration camps, or towns, woods, and fields where they had roved like animals. Their parents had fought and killed each other in the war, and when the children arrived at Pestalozzi, they formed tight little national groups that loathed and feared one another.

The story of Pestalozzi is the story of how these pathetic little creatures are being gradually transformed into normal human beings. In the dark beginnings of the atomic age, this miracle provides living proof that people of good will can still build a decent, orderly world—even with seemingly the most hopeless material. Today the Pestalozzi children are neither savages nor enemies. In their model village, these little citizens of France, Poland, Finland, Austria, Italy, Germany, Greece, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, England, and Holland, from four to fourteen years of age, live as neighbors and friends.

The idea of Pestalozzi sprang from the mind of a thirty-nine-year-old Swiss journalist named Walter Robert Corti. During the war Switzerland played host to tens of thousands of children from the belligerent nations. After a three-month holiday with Swiss families, these youngsters went home fresh and strengthened. A nice gesture, Corti thought, but what of the real problem-children, the orphans who had no homes to return to? Such a tiny, tantalizing taste of paradise might do them more harm than good.

In the Swiss magazine *Du,* he wrote an article suggesting that an international settlement be founded for war orphans—a place where, happy and secure, they could live and go to school until they were ready to fit in as normal, healthy citizens of their own countries.

Corti deplored the sinister, friendless lives that orphans were leading in ordinary asylums, where they were treated little better than criminals or madmen. To provide the intimacy and stability of a real home, he proposed that the children be divided into "families," according to nationality. Each family, limited to sixteen or seventeen members, would have a foster mother and father of the same nationality, preferably a teacher and his wife, and would live in a separate house. In the morning, the children of each house would gather in a schoolroom, where they would have, in their own language, classes that followed the common curriculum of their country. In the afternoon all the children would play and work together. This way a child's national identity would be preserved and developed at the same time that he was being prepared to fit into a larger whole—"the basic problem of Europe and the world," says Corti.

A handful of people responded swiftly to Corti's idea. Among them were Dr. Elizabeth Rotten, a Quaker educator and welfare worker who was famous for her assistance to British prisoners in the First World War; Otto Binder, the secretary of *Pro Juventute,* a Swiss youth-welfare organization; and Dr. Marie Meierhofer, a child psychiatrist and pediatrician from Zurich. They got together, helped Corti form an association called the Pestalozzi Children's Village, and appealed to the public to buy "shares" to provide building funds.

Slowly the response grew. The Swiss press gave the campaign enormous publicity. A ladybird, the Swiss symbol of good luck, was selected as the em-

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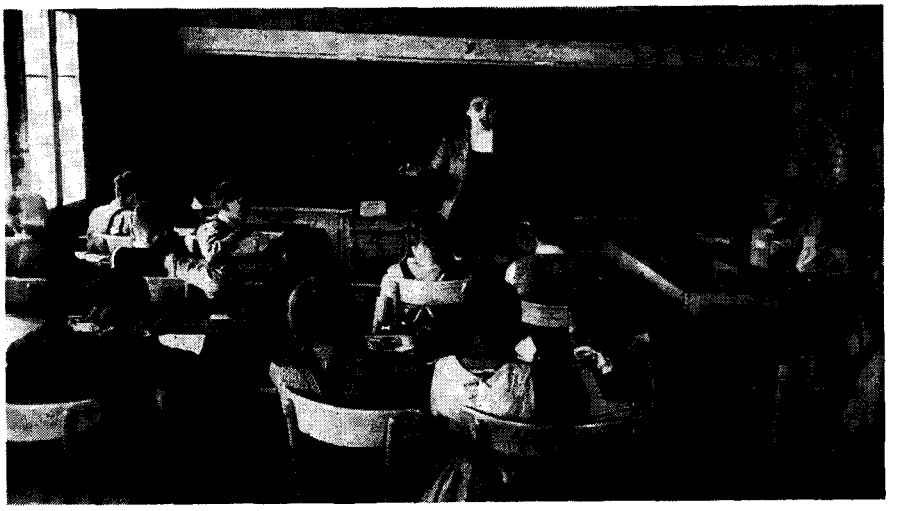
blem for the project; little girls sold ladybird pins on street corners to swell Pestalozzi's bank account. Swiss children invaded beer gardens and badgered businessmen to pledge contributions. Some merchants protested later that they had been caught in an expansive mood and had made promises they couldn't keep, but the children solemnly produced notes listing "Herr X., six hundred francs; Dr. Z., nine hundred francs." The men paid up.

The most phenomenal results came from a school children's campaign among foresters and timber men all over Switzerland. A child would approach a lumberman and say, "Please, sir, will you give one tree for Pestalozzi? We will cut it down ourselves, and make boards, and sell it for the village fund." In a community where there were two rival lumbermen, one contributed two trees. "Poof," said the other when the children told him, "I shall give three." The committee scuttled back to the first, and got a third tree from him. The tree campaign alone netted more than three hundred thousand Swiss francs.

Trade unionists and high-school boys peeled off their coats and volunteered as masons and carpenters at Pestalozzi, under the direction of Hans Fischli, the architect who designed the village. In Zurich, Berne, and Basle, various lodges and social groups donated funds for entire houses. More than four million Swiss francs were raised in all.

The first "family" to arrive at Pestalozzi, in the fall of 1946, consisted of sixteen boys and girls from southern France. As their train rolled into Trogen, they pushed thin, sallow faces against the car windows and stared apprehensively at the new landscape. In the village they huddled in corners or ran wildly about, stumbling over stones and trampling shrubbery. Maurice, a boy of seven whose mother, father, and sister had been gassed by the Nazis, stood by a tree, his knees trembling, his dull eyes averted from a bright toy racing car an attendant offered him. The real wildcat was Nina, a scrawny, dark-haired ten-year-old from Toulon. She flew at strangers, biting and scratching. Once she tried to kill Maurice with a knife. Her mother had died of tuberculosis, and her father had vanished during the German Occupation. She had lived with a gypsy in a



tiny hut, then had been left in an orphanage in Marseilles. Her hands jerked nervously; she was dangerously underweight, and her face was covered with sores.

The Poles came next. They were a sullen lot, with hard, crafty faces. They stole everything they could cram into their pockets. In Poland they had survived by theft. First each child stole secretly for himself. Then, when they realized they were being kept together, they stole for their house, taking nails from the carpenters, even pieces of wood and tools.

So it was with the rest.

One Austrian lad was so afraid he wouldn't get enough to eat that he gorged himself at each meal until he vomited.

Another French "family" came—this one from Strasbourg. Somebody playfully pushed an Alsatian boy and he fell; his bones were so weak he broke his ankle.

Gaetano, an Italian seven-year-old, had been found wandering around the smoking ruins of Cassino, his head bleeding from a shrapnel wound. There was no trace of relatives. He was sent to an orphanage, where, if he was disobedient, his hands were tied behind his back and he was beaten. Cautiously, he prowled the grounds of Pestalozzi, staring at the trim buildings, the house kitchens where ladies made birthday cakes, the soft beds with clean white sheets, the pretty pictures on the walls. No stern keeper bullied him for not eating his porridge, or whipped him for breaking a window. There were no prison walls. What kind of place was this? "They treat us too well here," he whispered to a friend. "What do they want from us?"

When the tow-haired Finnish crowd arrived they streaked for their house like frightened rabbits heading for a hole, and would not come out for weeks. Rauha, a seven-year-old girl with one glass eye, held aloof even from her own group. At the age of three she had been pushed out the window of a village bathhouse where Soviet soldiers "liquidated" her mother and other villagers with machine guns. A stray bullet had pierced Rauha's temple, destroying her right eye and damaging her hearing.

The Greeks came by airplane from Athens. The older ones remembered the Fascist invasion, and tension immediately arose between them and the Italians. When the Poles learned that some Hamburg children were coming to join them, they threatened to set fire to the German house. Accustomed to rubble piles, the Hamburg boys broke the furniture of their house themselves and threw it out the windows. When Corti handed a little girl a doll she gouged its eyes out with her thumbs.

Later this girl cried. "Uncle Corti," she asked, "why don't the Poles like us?"

"You're too young to remember," he replied, "but back in 1939 the German Army invaded Poland . . ."

"But Uncle," she interrupted, "that's a lie. The Poles attacked Germany."

Visitors now flocked to Pestalozzi. One Sunday eight thousand came. They were at once welcome and a menace. Most of them were Swiss burghers who had contributed to the village fund; they wanted to see what

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their hard-earned francs had accomplished. But the children begged or stole from them, or were simply upset by the sight of additional strangers. "It got so bad we had to hide the children by taking them on picnics on visiting days," one teacher explained.

Gradually order started to emerge from chaos. Rotting teeth were fixed, diphtheria infections killed. The school nurse, Mlle. Ilona Nánási, a graduate of the Rockefeller Institute of Budapest, dressed wounds, administered penicillin, checked weights and heights. Responding to the sunshine and the food, the dwarfed children began to fatten at astounding rates.

Nobody tried to run away. The invisible wounds in heads and hearts were also beginning to heal. "I'm convinced their recovery is not only due to the good food and pure air," the psychiatrist said, "They were starved for love and security as much as meat and potatoes. All these children were retarded in emotional development. Things that belong to them, a place to stay, foster parents to tuck them in bed and kiss them good night—these are as vital as medicine."

As the snow fell, the Finns came out of their house and started hopping over hillocks and hedges on their thin skis. Soon they were teaching the others their tricks. When a baby was born to the Finnish house parents, Mme. Penti Taavitsainen and her Olympic-ski-champion husband, little Rauha was asked to help care for it. "Now we have a real family," she said.

An Italian boy winked at a girl from Athens and soon was learning Greek songs. The Poles were shown pictures of ruined German cities and told that German children, who weren't to blame for the war, had suffered too. Before long the young Hamburgers were accepting invitations to the Polish house for tea. An understanding Polish house father actually helped his charges hide the stolen tools in the cellar until he could convince them that there was enough for all, and that what they had taken belonged to everybody.

The German boys became feverishly interested in raising rabbits, developed a respect for private property, and served notice on the rest to do the same; over a pile of clover in the village barn they posted a sign: "This hay belongs to Hamburg house."

A common language became necessary. Esperanto was considered, but German was chosen because it was the official tongue of Appenzell Canton and would make contact with neighboring farmers easier. Now German is shrilled on the playground in a dozen accents, and in the hayloft theater the children have enchanted Trogen citizens with a musical play about St. Christopher. (Before that, they did pantomimes.)

"If you can get the children to express themselves," says Ursula Gallusser, staff psychologist, "half the battle is won." Timid but smiling, Gaetano, the Cassino foundling, knocked on her door at eight o'clock one morning. "I want you to come and play," he said, offering a grubby bouquet of flowers. She took him to Eleanor Bussell, an American who runs the handicraft shop; he became so fascinated with making leather pocketbooks that he missed his supper. The Scottish dancing teacher had the same trouble with her class, mostly French girls.

"Let us stay and do *La Bretonne* again, Miss Cameron," they begged.

Dr. Ernst Klug, a Swiss composer who devotes most of his time to Pestalozzi, offered to teach the flute. He was swamped, and had to limit his pupils to forty a week. The children who were refused came and sat mutely, while luckier comrades tootled through their lessons. Mrs. Klug's classes in painting and clay modeling were jammed. At first the children drew nothing but scenes of violence, with frightening realism, but gradually, as their spirits rose, their creations became lighter.

Before the children end their stay at Pestalozzi—in their late teens—they will be taught trades. In their regular classes some of them have made up two and three years' study in a single year. Three Polish boys may be the first to get scholarships at one of Switzerland's leading schools.

The most disheartening case of all was Boris, a troubled, blond little boy who, after the fall of Poland, had been found by an old woman beside a dead horse. His parents were never located; he had no name. For months after he came to Pestalozzi Boris would speak to nobody. Some shock had numbed his face into a ghostly mask. In fits of rage he would break his toys. He began stealing. One day his house father said: "Boris, I want you to take charge of Arro, the dog. You are his master." The two became inseparable, and Boris brightened, but still would not talk.

Weeks later the father heard Boris sobbing in the living room. He was lying on the floor, his arms around the dog. "Arro, Arro," he cried, "who am I? I don't know. I remember when I was very small something terrible happened, and they came and took me away. They changed my name. My real name is not Boris. I don't know what it is. Why don't I remember?"

Suddenly he got up and went into the classroom next door. Using both hands he filled the blackboard with a detailed, striking picture of the Battle of Warsaw in colored chalk. The log-jam of fear and tension in his mind had broken, and he began to climb out of his deep loneliness. Today he is becoming an accomplished artist.

If Corti can find the funds, he hopes to double the size of the village. Already some eighty additional villages patterned after Pestalozzi are being planned for other nations of Europe.

The miracle of Pestalozzi has just begun. In every battle-shattered town there are Ninas and Gaetanos, Borises and Rauhas. An orphan asylum is undoubtedly the last place diplomats and politicians would look for precedents and principles, but it is just possible that they may find the formula for tomorrow's peace nearer the shores of Lake Constance than the shores of Lake Success. —Edward P. Morgan

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Far East

Confucius to Shelley to Marx

Kuo Mo-jo

"It is quite obvious that the entire world is divided into two camps. On one side there lies the camp of the aggressors led by American imperialism, on the other the democratic camp under the leadership of the socialist nations of the Soviet Union. Because of the decisive character of our victory, we Chinese have now become a mainstay of the democratic camp."

This was the keynote of the opening address at the first session of the Sino-Soviet Friendship Association in Peiping on July 17, 1949. The speaker was a tall, scholarly-looking man named Kuo Mo-jo, who three months later was appointed Vice Premier in charge of Cultural and Educational Activities by the new Peking government. Although he has never been a Communist Party member, and even served for eight years in Chiang Kai-shek's wartime government, Kuo has followed the Marxist line since 1924. He is the new government's prize intellectual exhibit, and will be its top co-ordinator of propaganda, education, and art.

Kuo is not cut to the same pattern as most propagandists. He is not a disappointed journalist, but a respected artist, whom Lao Shaw, a non-Communist, and the author of *Rickshaw Boy*, has called "the second most important figure in modern Chinese literature." Lu Hsün, generally accepted as the most important, died in 1936. Kuo has published six novels and short-story collections, three plays, five volumes of poetry and essays, and over twenty translations of western classics. For most of his life, he took no major part in politics, and during his lengthy exiles from China he preferred archaeology to Marxist agitation.

The name Kuo Mo-jo is an easy one to remember, for all three syllables rhyme with "maw." Literarily, Kuo is a very serious person, whose poems and stories have been criticized for their unremitting intensity and their almost complete lack of humor. The Chinese say that his life and works are pervaded by a spirit of "resistance," a word that might well be rendered as "resentment." He resents western imperialism, the "feudal and capitalist elements," in China, and his own hard life.

However, his resentment is now abating, for this year he has come into his kingdom. He was chairman of the Chinese delegation to the International Peace Congress held in Paris in the Spring. Then, on June 19, he was appointed one of the five vice-chairmen of the People's Political Consultative Conference that "enacted the organic law of the Central People's Government of the Republic of China." Kuo was, on October 2, elected a member of the Central People's Government Council, along with such notables as Generals Chen Yi and Lin Piao, and the politicians Chou En-lai and Li Li-san. Finally, on October 20, he was given the post of Vice Premier.

His position as writer-in-chief of Communist China had been officially confirmed by the fact that he was chosen to deliver the general and closing reports to the General Conference of Chinese Writers and Artists which met at the beginning of August. The Communist press no longer finds it necessary to identify Kuo when he appears in a news story; he shares this honor with Mao Tse-tung, Chu Te, and a few others.

It is gratifying to the Communist leaders, who are for the most part insurgent intellectuals, to have one of China's most celebrated living writers with them. Most of the leaders of the People's Republic are, like Kuo, well-educated sons of petty holders and minor officials. Mao Tse-tung's father was a small landowner in Hunan Province, and Chou En-lai studied in France after the First World War. While students, the Red leaders detected the flaws in the traditional Chinese political and social structure. In obedience to the Confucian ethic, which enjoins responsibility upon the educated, they took for their mission the restoration of China's glory. The instrument which seemed to them to be best fitted to the execution of that task was Marxism. So, following an injunction of Confucianism, they committed themselves to the destruction of Confucian morality.

Kuo was born in 1892 in Chia-ting, a small town about 180 miles due west of Chungking in Szechwan. For the first twenty years of his life he lived under the tottering Manchu dynasty, in the snug comfort accorded a son of the small gentry. He received a thorough classical education and loved, he wrote, "to read the *Odes of Ch'u*, *Chuang-tze*, *Shih-chi*, and T'ang poems," works highly esteemed by the literati who ruled China before the revolution of 1911. It was not until his middle school days that Kuo Mo-jo came into contact with the forces that overthrew the Empire and shattered the social and political bases of traditional

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Chinese culture. Before that time he had had little chance to learn of the new thoughts imported from the West, for rock-girt Czechwan, faithful to the Ming dynasty, had never given full allegiance to the *nouveau* Manchus, and was almost as conservative as nearby Tibet.

Inspired by the example of his father who was, among other things, an untrained country doctor, Kuo decided to study medicine. The only place in Asia where he could get modern training was Japan. When he went there in 1917 he was struck by the knowledge that there were modes of life and thought different from those practiced in his native province—and perhaps better.

The years between his twentieth and thirtieth birthdays were spent half in China, which was given over to chaotic warlordism, and half in Japan, where the native, or "Asia for the Japanese," brand of imperialism was making its efficient way to the fore. The combined effect of these two environments produced in Kuo the almost fanatical nationalism characteristic of Chinese of his generation. He smarted under the arrogance of the West and the patronizing contempt of the Japanese.

At first, however, Kuo confined himself to art. His ardent nature was attracted to the nineteenth-century European Romantics — mainly Heine, Shelley, and the younger Goethe. He decided to devote himself to the cultivation of his new ego. Through *creation*—a sacred word—he would exalt himself and attain the full development of his *individuality* and *liberty*. As a lyric poet he felt he should not worry about society, but rather devote all his attention to beauty. The "elevating" effect that his verse might have upon the public was a desirable by-product, but not his chief concern.

While visiting a tubercular friend, Kuo met a Japanese nurse whom he calls Anna. When the friend died, Kuo became convinced that Anna had been given to him as consolation for his loss. He married her: she quit her job, and they enrolled in medical school together. They then made a disturbing discovery: Kuo's allowance would not do for two medical students. When their first child arrived, Anna had to give up her studies.

Kuo thereafter entertained a grievance against himself. He wrote in a letter to a friend that he had "destroyed his Anna," and tortured himself with the idea that he had failed as a husband. Eventually Marxism provided absolution, for it let him transfer his guilt to the system.

Henri Cartier-Bresson (Magnum)

Students parade in Nanking

Kuo and most of his fellow students shared that self-pitying and lachrymose disposition that Professor Wang Chi-chen of Columbia University regards as the bane of the modern Chinese intellectual. He swore that the world had been unjust, denying him the opportunity to develop fully through the exercise of individuality and freedom. Finally, about 1924, he found the solution to all problems—social, personal and aesthetic. The great truth was that the salvation of the individual lay not in the exaltation, but in the surrender, of his liberty.

The gifted individual, he wrote in a letter, must not try to develop his potentialities at the expense of the masses. He must submerge his individualism in the fight to gain for all human beings the right to complete development in an atmosphere of freedom. This formula for giving up freedom in the cause of freedom has enabled Kuo to justify the paradoxes of the party line. He has now arrived at the inevitable end of such thinking. With the victory of the Communist revolution in China, he has become the apostle of law and order and the staunch opponent of rebels and rebellion—political, economic, and literary. Kuo is now an orthodox prophet and the literary high priest of Chinese Communism, even though he still is not a party member. The reason he has never joined is perhaps that he has been more useful in the role of "liberal" sympathizer.

There are many unique elements in Chinese Communism, and Kuo is representative of most of them. One is the Confucian origin of the Communists' impetus to action. Kuo Mo-jo himself has been described as a "mandarin in modern dress." His aspect and manner are those of the traditional Chinese sage, and so are his desire to participate in government and battle. The concept of the philosopher-king—stated at about the same time by Plato and Confucius—was, for millenia, the ideal of Chinese political thought. Kuo, the thinker, became Kuo, the fighter, and now, it appears, Kuo, the ruler.

He first participated actively in the struggle to liberate China in 1927, when he was vice chairman of the political bureau attached to Chiang's Southern Armies as their propaganda agency. He took part in the seige of the triplet industrial cities of Wu-chang, Hankow, and Han-yang, and served for a short time in the Hankow government. However, when the split between Chiang and the Communists became a chasm, Kuo fled to Japan and Anna.

Kuo's exile in Japan—broken by brief visits to Shanghai and Hongkong—lasted until the summer of 1937, when the Japanese provoked the *Shina Jiken*, the China Incident. His chief occupation in Japan was research into the prehistory of China: He studied archaic inscriptions on bronze and tortoise-shell implements dug up in northwest China. Like the classic scholar-statesman, he withdrew to study literature and history when in disfavor.

At times, however, his political passion seized the reins, and sometimes in the course of a month he would deliver five speeches and compose a dozen essays on social justice. He produced few poems or stories, and those were inferior to his earlier writing. He did, however, publish translations of Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*, Turgenev's *New Age*, and a number of Galsworthy's plays during the 1930's.

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It was no longer the "creation of beauty" that interested Kuo, but the use of literature as a "tool of revolution." The organization of the League of Left Writers in 1930 was more important to him than the composition of a new novel. His standards of literary judgment were quite simple. Revolutionary works were "good," nonrevolutionary works "meaningless," and counterrevolutionary works "bad." He became a firebrand of the left, attacking the "bourgeois-feudal landlords," who united with foreign imperialism to force China into "semi-colonial" status. Among foreign nations, he declared, only the Soviet Union could be considered friendly to the aspirations of the mass of the Chinese people. Kuo has maintained that position to the present day, though he was less strident during the war, when the party line decreed co-operation with the Kuomintang and the Anglo-Americans.

It is not unlikely that Kuo's commitment to Lenino-Stalinism will one day come into conflict with his nationalism. His nationalism antedates his Marxism and, indeed, was the major stimulus toward Marxism. If the interests of Chinese Communism and the Cominform bloc should ever clash, Kuo's soul would be torn, but his feeling for China would probably prevail. The Chinese Communists are too proud of their almost singlehanded accomplishments to act as subservient satellites. Although little information is available on Russian aid, no Russian mechanized equipment, and even more important, no Russian airplanes—which could still be a major military help—have been reported in action so far.

The cold war, the second split with the Nationalists, and the conquest of China for Communism all lay in the future when Kuo Mo-jo returned to China in July, 1937, to assist in the propagada for the resistance to Japanese aggression. He reached Nanking about September 10, and within three days conferred with Chen Li-fu and Shao Li-tze, and had long chats with Chiang Kai-shek and Wang Ching-wei. Today, if these five men were all alive, no city in the world could hold them at the same time.

Wang Ching-wei, the Alcibiades of modern China, infinitely gifted and infinitely corrupt, died in 1944 after becoming president of the puppet regime set up by the Japanese. Kuo had known him in the days of the Hankow government, when Wang was the leader of the radicals in the Kuomintang against the military clique under Chiang Kai-shek. Chen Li-fu and his brother, Chen Kuo-fu, are now leaders of the neo-fascist wing of the Kuomintang, the "C.C." clique. The Communists would be delighted to hang the two Chens, but they have welcomed Shao Li-tze, who evidently endeared himself to them during his participation, on the Nationalist side of the table, in Kuomintang-Communist peace negotiations. He is now safe in Peking.

Chiang Kai-shek was quite cordial to Kuo on this occasion, and, after some polite sparring, insisted that he take a position in a Kuomintang propaganda agency. Kuo, agreeing with the Communists that the fight against Japan was his country's most vital problem, took the job. In 1938 he joined the Political Training Board, an agency that put out newspapers and broadsheets for distribution to the Army. Kuo stayed with the board until 1945, as chairman of its Cultural Works Committee.

After 1943, however, most of the committee's functions were taken away, and Kuo began devoting himself to his own writing on political subjects, which again became increasingly divergent from the Kuomintang line. In 1944 the *New China Daily*, Chungking's only Communist paper, printed in full his most widely read essay, and one that was so influential it made his new split with Chiang irrevocable. Kuo's innocuous-looking article was about Li Tse-cheng, a bandit leader who, according to orthodox Chinese historians, betrayed the Ming dynasty to the alien Manchus in 1644. Kuo held that Li had been neither a brigand nor a traitor, but the patriotic leader of a justified agrarian revolt. Because of Kuo's name and his startling viewpoint, the essay got tremendous attention. The parallel between Li and the modern Communist leaders was not far to seek, and the Communists issued thousands of reprints of Kuo's piece, which undoubtedly was a very vital factor in helping to start the swing of the Chinese intellectuals toward the Communist camp. When Chiang's government went to Nanking in 1946, Kuo decided to move temporarily to Hongkong and await developments. By 1948, his name was beginning to be mentioned frequently in reports from the Communist north.

Kuo, like many of his colleagues, came to Communism by way of Confucianism and romantic individualism. Whether their curious journey will end at the Kremlin remains to be seen.

—Robert S. Elegant

Henri Cartier-Bresson (Magnum)

Communist demonstration in Shanghai

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Colombia

Death of a Democracy

A few weeks ago, Bogotá, the capital of Colombia, witnessed its first Falangist parade. The marchers — young men in blue shirts and berets — sang the hymn of the Spanish Falangists, "*Cara al sol* (Face to the sun)," and raised their hands in the Franco salute. They were celebrating the announcement of their *caudillo,* Laureano Gómez, that he would be a candidate for the Presidency.

Until recently, Colombia, with nearly fifty years of orderly government behind it, had been regarded, along with Uruguay, as one of the two most stable democracies in Latin America. Today the country is in a state of siege, and highly repressive measures have been taken against the Liberal Party, which could undoubtedly win a free election. Colombia is ruled, in open violation of its Constitution, by Falangists. The influence that the new government may have over other Latin American countries, particularly those which border on it, is incalculable; the United States now has to reckon with a new satellite of Franco's Spain in the Panama Canal area.

The first question about the new régime is: How did it win power? As Gómez's blue-shirted supporters marched from the Bogotá bull ring, where a speaker had blessed them in the name of "God, Bolivar, and Gómez," to the Presidential Palace, Colombia was already in their hands. In the past year, the Conservative Government had been giving the extremists open and invaluable support by handing over to them the most important administrative posts: the Ministries of the Interior, of Education, and War, the governorships of the states, control of the police. The country had for some months been holding a dress rehearsal for the totalitarian régime.

The process is still going on. Peasants and villagers belonging to the Liberal Party have had their houses burned down and relatives killed before their eyes. Many have fled, and are still fleeing, from their homes. During the first weeks of November, according to a cable from Caracas, six thousand sought refuge in Venezuela. The members of the majority party, the Liberals, were fired upon in Congress by the rightist minority, and the speaker who had the floor was killed instantly. In various states the violence had been so great that several legislatures have had to close. The Attorney-General of Colombia, in a petition to the President, asked for protection for the four living ex-Presidents of the Republic, whose lives are in serious danger in the capital. During the present executive's term of power, nearly ten thousand people have been put to death for political reasons. Dr. Alberto Lléras Camargo, an ex-President of Colombia, and the director of the Organization of American States (formerly the Pan-American Union), addressed an appeal for peace to the people of Colombia a few weeks ago, and urged the formation of a party of patriotically minded citizens to contain the wave of violence and assassination. The government of Colombia immediately ordered its ambassador in Washington to deliver a protest against what it regarded as the unwarranted intervention of an international official in the internal affairs of Colombia. The primate of Colombia, Archbishop Perdomo, issued a pastoral letter asking for peace. It was published in the Liberal papers, just before censorship was clamped on them, and nowhere else. Gómez's newspaper has refused to recognize the archbishop's authority, because several years ago he signed a concordat, which was later approved by the Vatican, with a Liberal Government.

In Colombia there are only two historic parties: the Liberals and the Conservatives. The Liberals represent progressive democratic ideas; the Conservatives lean toward utilizing the power of the Church, in a country that is uniformly Catholic. For nearly fifty years, these parties regularly replaced one another in power in a manner that would be difficult to parallel in the rest of Latin America. They were always strictly civilian; until now, neither had ever set up a dictatorship or a military government.

The Liberals are traditionally the stronger of the two groups. The Conservatives have usually found their openings whenever the Liberals have wrangled and split their party front—a common phenomenon among liberals everywhere. Three years ago, the Liberals divided their strength between two candidates, each with a large following. Although the total Liberal vote exceeded the Conservative by hundreds of thousands, the division put the present Conservative incum-

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bent into office. The Liberals retained their majority in Congress, in the state legislatures, in the city administrations.

The government has utilized all its resources against the Liberal majority. It is a highly centralized government, and its Ministers are not responsible to Congress: They report to the legislature on their policies, but they are not subject to a vote of censure. The state governors are appointed by the executive branch; the mayors, by the governors. The police are responsible to the Ministry of the Interior; the army, to the Ministry of War. Today the Ministry of the Interior and the Ministry of War are under the same official, and this official is the intimate associate of the Conservative candidate and cofounder with Gómez of the newspaper *El Siglo,* who has been for fifteen years his right arm in the party struggle.

A liberal, civilian government in Colombia today would be the most effective obstacle to the spreading of Spanish and Argentine ideology in South America. After Brazil and Argentina, Colombia has the largest population of any South American country. Its inhabitants are not concentrated in large cities, but are distributed among several smaller ones, having populations of 25,000 to 150,000, and in villages and farms. There are only three cities with populations greater than 220,000, and Bogotá has less than 500,000. This circumstance has made it possible to maintain the economic, political, and geographic balance that has been the basis of a reasonably perfect democratic system. The country lies in the center of the Greater Colombia region, whose sphere includes Panama, Venezuela, and Ecuador. These countries, along with Peru and Bolivia, comprise the so-called Bolivarian bloc, which has great weight in Latin American politics and in the world. Europe has sixteen votes in the U.N.; Latin America has twenty.

It would have been inconceivable for Colombia to take the road to totalitarianism a short time ago. When, some years back, a small group of Black Shirts made their appearance in Bogotá, with their headquarters in the offices of Gómez's newspaper, they were the joke of the city. But these young men went on having their secret sessions, and every so often appeared on the social or political scene displaying the bravado and determination that fanaticism breeds. They created disturbances in democratic meetings, always with the support of Gómez's newspapers. Today these former Black Shirts hold ministerial and other government posts.

Wide World

Laureano Gómez

From the day the present Conservative President took office, General Franco's ambassador became a social lion. Franco conferred upon his "dear friend," the President of Colombia, the Cross of Isabella the Catholic. The Colombian delegation to the United Nations was one of the first to sponsor the movement to admit Spain to membership. Gómez fled Bogotá a few days after April 9, 1948, when Gaitán, the leader of the Liberal Party, was assassinated during the Pan-American Conference, because public opinion considered Gómez responsible for the situation into which the assassination plunged the country. The rightist leader found asylum in Spain, where for many months Franco showered attentions on him. He returned to Colombia a few months ago to organize his Presidential campaign.

The Colombian press was until this year solidly anti-Franco, with two exceptions: *El Siglo,* which belongs to Gómez, and *El Colombiano,* which belongs to President Ospina's brother-in-law. Franco has been duly appreciative of the unequivocal support given him by these two newspapers.

The explanation of this sharp political shift in a country which still has a great Liberal majority, but which is being dragged forcefully into the fascist ranks, is, in large part, to be found in the personality of Gómez.

Gómez comes from a middle-class family, was educated in a Jesuit school, and studied engineering. He is a man of despotic character, a lone wolf, a fighter whom no one knows intimately. In his youth he was a great public speaker, and he is a writer whose violence knows no bounds. He has been able to give full rein to his belligerent tendencies in a country that has never put the least restriction on freedom of speech or the press. Gómez has actually terrorized most of his opponents with his scurrilous tongue alone. To friends and enemies he is known as "the monster." He has never hesitated to insult the President of the Republic, the Supreme Court, the Congress, or any of his personal adversaries in the most insolent terms he could muster.

Paradoxically, Gómez began his political career by defying the Archbishop of Colombia and attacking, on the grounds of his personal financial difficulties, Marco Fidel Suárez, a distinguished man of letters and a Conservative, who was at the time President of the country. The attack was so violent and so effective that the president resigned. This demonstration of insubordination in his own party marked Gómez as the most valuable man for any emergency, and the ideal leader of opposition against the Liberals. The Liberal Presidents who have succeeded each other in Colombia for sixteen years have received a daily barrage of vituperation from the pages of *El Siglo,* and Gómez has gone on to make himself the undisputed leader of the Conservative Party.

In the present situation, the Conservatives could not have secured their power except by force, for the Liberal Party was united behind one of its most outstanding members, Darío Echandía. So the Conservatives called upon Gómez, a man who could not allow himself to be defeated. For the rightists to win, it took violence on the floor of Congress, the declaration of a state of siege, an unconstitutional change in the procedures of the Supreme Court, and finally the refusal of Echandía to run in what he considers an illegal election.

—Germán Arciniegas

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Newfoundland

Shoplifters and Pistol-Wavers

The pattern of the bases-for-destroyers deal worked out with the United Kingdom in 1940 under the high pressure of war is turning out to be a source of trouble, in these low-pressure times of peace, between the United States and Newfoundland, which is now part of the Dominion of Canada. In one instance, U.S. occupancy of the bases has led to hot words, pistol-brandishings, and legal action. In another it caused the escape, scot free, of a band of subarctic shoplifters.

Two of the bases are Air Force: Forts McAndrew and Pepperrell, near Argentia and St. Johns on the Avalon Peninsula, which forms the southeastern tip of Newfoundland proper. The third is the Coast Guard-operated loran (long-range radar) station at Battle Harbor on the rugged coast of Labrador. Actually the latter was leased, not on the original destroyer deal, but under a later, still secret, wartime agreement. The regular military bases are held on ninety-nine-year leases which give the occupying forces practically complete extraterritoriality, except that basic sovereignty and ultimate ownership remain with the British Crown. These extraterritorial rights are so complete that the United States Supreme Court has held that for purposes of application of domestic labor legislation, the bases are to be considered U.S. "possessions."

"Possessions" is an ugly word to Canadians. One of Mr. St. Laurent's first acts as Premier was to suggest to President Truman that, since Newfoundland was now part of the Dominion, it would be fitting to modify the rules. He pointed out that United States armed forces, sometimes in considerable numbers, work and train at Churchill, Manitoba, and other, smaller, cold-weather experimental bases *as guests of the Canadian government.*

Mr. Truman was noncommittal, and since then the Canadians have returned to the matter of the "possession" bases with some insistence. They maintain that the rights granted are more compatible with eighteenth-century concessions in China than with the dignity of a modern state.

The State Department does not agree that the rights granted are extreme, and considers that Canada has no legal case against U.S. "possession." But it does feel that the services have created a rather difficult situation by their disregard of the rights of local Newfoundland authorities and their "colonial" outlook in general.

The Air Force has been persistently clinging to every item of privilege in its leased areas. In order to cover up some of its men's conduct it has found it necessary on occasion to trespass on American rights in the United States—in this instance the right of the press to obtain news about what was almost an international incident.

The Air Force case in question involved assault on, and unlawful arrest of, Newfoundland police and customs officers on Newfoundland territory by a United States Air Force officer.

By familiar techniques of delay and misunderstanding, the Air Force Public Relations Office in Washington gave reporters working on the story a run-around. Finally, when one newsman seemed to be getting hot, an Air Force public-relations officer produced the "official" version of the incident. It suppressed some of the facts, distorted others and gave the general impression that a dastardly assault had been made on the U. S. Mail.

"On July 9, 1948," this version went, "Inspector Cahill of the Newfoundland Constabulary and Michael Evans, Chief Preventive Officer of the Newfoundland Customs, were alleged to have stopped and searched for contraband a United States military mail truck on its regular daily run between Pepperrell Air Force Base, near St. John's, and McAndrew Air Force Base, at Argentia.

"Captain Emil E. Prenoveau, U.S.A.F., and two members of the Air Police detachment were sent to the halted mail truck, and requested that the customs officers cease interfering with the passage of the U. S. Mail.

"During the court action Evans and Cahill testified that Prenoveau unlawfully detained them while he consulted his headquarters . . . the misunderstanding was later settled to the satisfaction of the Newfoundland and United States governments. . . ."

The "satisfaction" was a profound apology by our government to the Newfoundland government for the conduct of Captain Prenoveau.

The rest of the Air Force story differs widely, both as to the facts and atmosphere, from the points brought out at the trial and summed up by Justice Dunfield, of the Newfoundland Supreme Court, in his judgment.

"The facts are as follows," Justice Dunfield said: "On July 9, 1948, early in the morning, the plaintiff [Evans], as Chief Preventive Officer of the Newfoundland Customs, accompanied by District Inspector Michael J. Cahill, head of the Criminal Investigation Division of the Newfoundland Constabulary, Acting Sergeant L. Freake of the same Division and Constable Andrew Mooney, were on the public highway between Placentia and St. John's . . . and had stationed themselves near Colinet, about thirty miles from Fort McAndrew. They were stopping and searching vehicles coming from the direction of Argentia. . . . The party was unarmed.

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"They stopped and searched various vehicles; finding some insignificant contraband in one or two of them (cartons of cigarettes). Later in the course of the morning they stopped a U. S. military vehicle, driven by a Newfoundland civilian employee not in uniform, having some apparently service passengers not in uniform, though service trousers were seen on some of them. The driver produced a small bag which he said contained mail, and the plaintiff Evans disclaimed any interest in this. A search of the vehicle disclosed two parcels. One contained a dress which the driver said was being sent up to St. John's by a lady employee of the base for dry cleaning; its condition bore out this, and it was restored. The other contained several small articles, apparently new, which the driver said were being sent by an employee, a Newfoundlander, at Fort McAndrew to a similar person at Fort Pepperrell; these were held as contraband. The vehicle then went on. . . ."

Several points of divergence with the Air Force story may be noted here. The vehicle was not a "mail truck" so far as any external or internal markings showed. It was an ordinary U.S. military vehicle, traveling the Newfoundland highways and subject to inspection for contraband, which it was in fact carrying—a fact the Air Force story does not mention. It was not held, and the officers did not interfere with the passage of the U. S. Mail. There is indeed some doubt whether the small bag did in fact carry mail. The customs man testified that the contents felt suspiciously like cartons of cigarettes—contraband—but he did not open the sack to verify this. So the "tampering with the U. S. Mail" red herring may be discarded.

Prenoveau did not go to the "halted mail vehicle." That had long since gone its way. He went armed, with two armed military policemen, to the unarmed Newfoundlanders. What happened then is disputed.

Justice Dunfield remarked: "However, the agreed facts are that he did produce his pistol, though he said that it had no cartridge in the chamber and that he only pointed it in their general direction; and he ordered District Inspector Cahill, who was approaching, not to come nearer. Asked if he was in bodily fear of Inspector Cahill the defendant [Prenoveau] said no. Asked if he would have shot at him if he had come nearer, the defendant said yes. It is also agreed that upon Mr. Evans refusing to go with him, he eventually directed the two military policemen, whose behaviour was most correct throughout, to remain with Mr. Evans and detain him; and the defendant then drove off to the telephone at Colinet and got in touch with the Colonel commanding at Fort McAndrew, by whom, on General [Caleb V.] Haynes's instructions, he was at once ordered to release Mr. Evans. He got back after about twenty-five or thirty minutes and did so, telling Mr. Evans not to stop other U. S. government vehicles; to which Mr. Evans replied that he would if he saw fit and had no orders to the contrary, and that Capt. Prenoveau would hear more of the matter through his superiors. . . ."

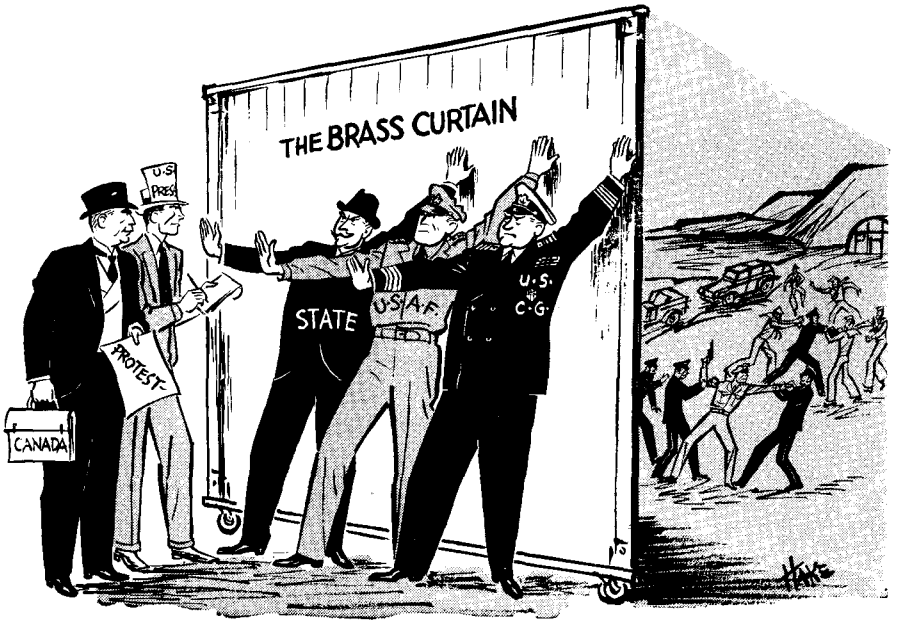
The judicious and restrained language of Mr. Justice Dunfield conveyed some blunt warnings. He pointed out that on the public highways U. S. troops had the same rights, but were subject to the same controls, as the general public, and that to force or threaten to force such controls was "wholly inadmissible" and in fact "would be equivalent to hostilities against the local State."

He added that in Newfoundland "the usage of the country is against the carriage of arms, other than sporting arms, by anyone," and that "it is probable, though I need not decide it at the moment, that technically any person, even a military person, carrying a pistol on this British territory, in peacetime without a licence is liable to a fine. . . . I do not feel that I am going too far in suggesting that it ought to be prohibited by the military authorities, as a measure of expediency and courtesy."

The United States military authorities took no action against Captain Prenoveau, although Evans's suit for wrongful arrest against Major General Haynes, Commanding General of the Newfoundland Base Command, was dismissed on the grounds that Prenoveau's actions were not in accordance with his orders. Prenoveau's fines and costs totaled $1,111.10, but the Air Force, taking the view that they were incurred in the course of duty and while carrying out orders, is paying them out of its Contingency Fund.

The Coast Guard produced the second case. This one required a blast from General George C. Marshall, then Secretary of State, to loosen service solidarity and obtain the surrender of one of four men accused of larceny on Newfoundland territory.

On August 25, 1947, twelve enlisted men of the loran station at Battle Harbor were invited to visit the mission shop of the International Grenfell Association at St. Mary's River, Labrador. The guests proved a little overwhelming, and at the end of the visit the lady who kept the store reported that sixteen items, to the value of



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$110.45, were missing from the place.

A corporal of the Newfoundland Rangers obtained summonses from a local magistrate against four of the men in whose quarters at the Coast Guard station he had found five items unaccounted for on the store's sales slips. The commanding officer, who had given permission for the corporal's inspection, refused to turn the men over. His headquarters backed him up.

Newfoundland complained to the State Department, maintaining that the matter was clearly under Newfoundland jurisdiction. The State Department agreed, and asked that the men be turned over to the Newfoundland authorities for trial. The Treasury Department declined, and said that the Coast Guard would investigate and take the necessary action.

A Coast Guard Board of Investigation was duly held, and nobody was found guilty.

However, the men of the station "solely in the interests of amity" raised a collection to cover the amount claimed to have been lost. By a curious coincidence, three of the four men accused by the Newfoundland authorities were returned to the United States because their enlistments had terminated, while the fourth was transferred back "in normal rotation."

After General Marshall had gone to work, the Coast Guard at last grudgingly agreed to surrender the fourth man, "in the interests of preserving good international relations, although still maintaining the legal views previously expressed."

The Newfoundland government was reasonable. Shortly afterward the State Department received a communication from the American Consul at St. John's reading: "NEWFOUNDLAND JUSTICE DEPARTMENT STATES MATTER MAY BE CONSIDERED CLOSED AS JURISDICTION RECOGNIZED."

Newfoundland may have cause to regret its reasonableness. The Coast Guard says: "As a footnote it may be mentioned that the jurisdiction of the Newfoundland authorities had not at any time been recognized by the Coast Guard, and that the Treasury Department had finally agreed to surrender the one remaining man desired only as a matter of courtesy and as a mark of respect to the Secretary of State."

Not, mark you, to Newfoundland.

—JAMES M. MINIFIE

The Atom

The Race for Reactors

There was a time—immediately after Hiroshima and Nagasaki—when all of us had high hopes that the peaceful atomic age would soon be with us, that before long low-cost atomically generated electricity would light our cities, run our factories, and drive our ships and planes. Even the highest hopes were not without foundation: A pound of uranium contained as much heat energy as fifteen hundred tons of oil. The leveling of Hiroshima and Nagasaki had supplied gruesome testimony of the enormity of the new force.

As the months passed after Nagasaki with still no atomic power, the hopes of 1945-1946 gave way to apathy about the whole business. Such apathy was not without cause: On the one hand, the rapid deterioration of world political conditions gave atomic-bomb production a first, almost exclusive, priority; and, on the other hand, it became clear that some unique and extremely difficult technical problems would have to be solved before the energy locked up in the atom could be released for peaceful purposes.

Furthermore, as a nation we aren't desperately in need of a new source of electrical energy. Our resources of coal, hydroelectric power, gas, and petroleum are bountiful. Our per-capita level of power consumption is very high, and our power costs, on the average, very low.

And so, by September, 1949, we were committed to a leisurely and slow development of atomic power for peace. The announcement of the Russian atomic explosion gave us no new sense of urgency in this respect. Quite the contrary. We decided to allocate more of our resources and efforts to the development and production of more and better bombs. Now in December—almost two months later—there has been no change in this basic position. It may be a rational one, but several seemingly disconnected news releases of recent date indicate the need for a re-evaluation. First of all came the proof, on September 23, that Soviet scientists had mastered atomic techniques sooner than we had thought they could. Next was a report by Marquis Childs from Frankfurt, Germany on November 4, 1949, that many reliable people abroad believe the Soviet "goal is to create a chain of atomic power stations stretching across the Soviet Union and linked together in a great power grid." Third was a news release in the Berlin *Nacht Express* (later echoed with emphasis by Vishinsky at the United Nations) relating a disclosure by the Soviet engineer, Davydov, that "Atomic energy was used [September 23] for the first time in the history of humanity for peaceful purposes in the execution of an overwhelmingly great project, which provides for reversing the directions of the Siberian Ob and Yenisei Rivers." Fourth were the emphatic insistences by Deputy Prime Minister G. M. Malenkov and Soviet U.N. delegate Jacob Malik that Russia was concentrating on peaceful uses of atomic energy, while the West was reserving it for military purposes.

While Americans cannot dismiss the fact that the Soviets have developed the bomb, many can dismiss—and unfortunately most of us do, too glibly—the Soviet assertions that the U.S.S.R. is primarily interested in and engaged in the peacetime applications of atomic energy. The Soviets' reputation for high-sounding hogwash is of long standing, and based on overwhelming evidence. Nevertheless, in this instance there may be something in what they say. Accordingly, it is essential that we assess carefully not only what the odds are that Russia is going to pursue this course, but also—and this is absolutely essential—what the consequences would be for us if it did in fact pursue

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it. Visualize for a moment what might be the reactions in this country and abroad if, sometime in 195X, *Pravda* should carry this story:

"In the presence of a group of United Nations observers, the U.S.S.R. demonstrated this week for the first time in the history of the world a practical, peacetime atomic-power plant at the Bogoslavsk Aluminum Works.

"Representatives of the Hungarian government attending the demonstration are initiating negotiations for the erection of a similar type of atomic-power plant by Soviet engineers early in 196X near the Gant District bauxite deposits in the Vertes Mountains.

"It is anticipated that governments of other European countries suffering from acute shortages of fuel and power will make similar representations in the near future."

It could be argued, of course, that the possibility of the U.S.S.R.'s seizing the lead in the development of atomic power is fantastically remote. However remote it may now appear, several important considerations cannot be ignored:

First, we underestimated by at least a couple of years the capacity of Soviet nuclear physics and engineering.

Second, if the Soviets were willing to make a very substantial effort, it might not be impossible for them to overcome the technical difficulties inherent in atomic-power technology and to erect, sometime toward the end of the 1950's, at least one full-scale atomic-power plant.

Third, Russia's levels of power production and consumption are much lower than ours, and although its coal and hydroelectric resources are substantial, atomic power might well be a quicker way of overcoming the deficit. In many countries of Europe, not only are levels of power consumption low, but resources of conventional fuels are meager. To all of them atomic power would be a godsend.

Finally, if the Soviets outdistanced us in harnessing atomic power, their rewards and our losses would be immense. In terms of international prestige, the Russians would achieve an incalculable advantage if they were the first to erect a full-scale peacetime atomic-power plant. This advantage would be even greater if they clearly indicated a disposition to export the innovation to other power-poor countries—particularly those countries inclined to be friendly to the Soviet government.

If this is a real possibility, then it is imperative that we examine carefully and critically the vigor of our own reactor-development program. A reactor, of course, is simply a machine or apparatus in which the energy produced from the fission of uranium is released at a controlled rate. Such a machine can be designed to produce plutonium, the bomb material, or to produce power to drive a ship, plane, or stationary electric-power plant, or to produce power and plutonium simultaneously. The existing reactors at Hanford are designed to produce plutonium; the energy in the form of heated water which is produced in the process is necessarily wasted in warming up the Columbia River. The crucial technical trick in designing future reactors for electric-power production is to capture and convert this heat energy into transmissible electric power efficiently.

In attempting to evaluate our reactor-development program, one gets the least information and guidance from the two sources which would seem the best informed: The Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy and the Atomic Energy Commission itself.

A close reading of the transcript of twenty-three hearings (plus the volume of summary and conclusions) held by the former body this summer on the atomic-energy program provides only a few fragments of useful information on reactors. The two judgments that can be found are not encouraging. In one place it is asserted that, "The joint committee believes that reactor development should proceed with all possible speed, and disappointment therefore follows from reflection that, in two and a half years, the Commission has not broken ground on a single new-type high-power reactor." And near the end of the summary report, it is

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stated: "Results are what count; and by that standard the rate of progress in reactor development for military purposes is overslow, notwithstanding the many good reasons which account for it."

A close reading of the Semiannual Reports of the Atomic Energy Commission is less informative but more irritating. For example, in the Fifth Semiannual report, dated January, 1949, in the section ordinarily set aside for discussion of the reactor program, only a curt two-paragraph statement was made to the effect that the subject is of such great importance and scope that a special report is in process and will soon be released. Indeed, the chairman of the commission promised at that time that such a special report would be out within about six weeks. Six months later, there was still no special report, and worse still, only a page of trivia on the reactor program in the Sixth Semiannual Report. Now, in December, almost a year later, still no report.

Despite this poverty of information it is possible to piece together a fairly coherent story from Congressional hearings and speeches of AEC members. The main elements of the story are simply about as follows.

By the AEC's own admission, "in the four years since the end of the war, no really new or greatly improved versions of reactors have been built in this country. The reactor of most advanced design and performance [in the western world] is in Canada."

Until very recently only a minor portion of the commission's resources have been directed at reactor development. Measured in terms of the percentage of total annual obligations going into such work, during the fiscal year 1948 only eight per cent of the commission's effort was directly oriented toward reactor development; in fiscal 1949, nine per cent was devoted to the program, and for fiscal 1950 a fifteen-per cent allocation is contemplated.

After "four years of discussion and argument as well as from new knowledge," four experimental reactors for power purposes are going to be constructed. On the basis of schedules submitted to Congress early this year, one of these reactors may be completed in February, 1951, two more might be completed by June, 1951, and the last might begin functioning by February, 1952. These four reactors themselves will not be full-fledged plants producing electric power in significant quantities. On the contrary, they are essentially experimental pilot plants. One is for research on the nuclear and physical properties of materials that might later be used in the construction of a practical power plant. The other three are experimental prototypes of what practical atomic-power plants might eventually be like. On the basis of the operation of these pilot reactors for an unspecified period of time, it may be possible to design and construct the first full-scale atomic-power installation capable of generating electric power in useful and significant quantities.

The last step is going to take time. Assuming that all the required knowledge is obtained from the operation of the four experimental reactors, it will probably take a year to a year and a half to collect, collate, and interpret the results. This means that, at best, design work on a full-scale power plant could not be started much before January, 1953. If the design stage proceeds at the same pace as it did in the case of two of the present reactors, the designs will not be completed much earlier than January, 1955. And if the construction performance and planning characterizing the present generation of reactors is not bettered, it will take two to three years to construct a power plant. In short, on the basis of performance to date and plans contemplated during the summer of this year, under the best circumstances America cannot hope to have a practical demonstration of atomic power earlier than June, 1957.

This, in brief outline, was the status of the country's reactor development program prior to the Russian atomic blast. By any standard it is not, and has not been, an aggressive program. Although the step from bomb production to power production is a big one, it would not be unreasonable to assume that if the Russians wanted atomic power badly enough, they could be in a position to make the *Pravda* announcement between 1957 and 1959. In terms of our own progress to date, we might, with luck, be able to make such an announcement around 1957 or 1958. Our lead in the race for the development of atomic power does not appear to be a very comfortable one.

Even by a less strict test, we have not been making adequate progress. In 1947, when many scientists were forecasting that the Russian bomb would be developed no earlier than 1952, it was a common estimate (subscribed to even by the commission itself) that it would take this country "from eight to ten years to . . . have a useful, practical demonstration plant in operation." This would mean 1955 or 1957.

If our progress continues at the rate of the last four years, and this year's plans are not radically revised, there will be no possibility of meeting the earlier deadline, and only a very slim possibility of meeting the later one.

It is no one's fault in particular that the reactor-development program is not making adequate progress—least of all the Atomic Energy Commission's. To move ahead faster, substantial risks will have to be taken: First of all, large sums will have to be invested in the design and construction of many experimental reactors. Some supplies of plutonium will have to be diverted from the bomb stockpile, and finally, facilities and manpower resources will have to be diverted to this effort. These are risks that the Atomic Energy Commission cannot take—and wisely has not taken—on its own initiative. They can only be assumed if it is the will of the nation, and this will be true only if there is a clear recognition that atomic power is potentially as vital an instrument of domestic and foreign economic policy as it is now of strategy.

It is worthwhile repeating with emphasis a recent statement of Dr. Robert Bacher (A former commissioner of the AEC): "I think I can say that the reactor program has not gone ahead as fast as we had hoped it would. . . . But I believe today we stand on the threshold of a very great development in this field. I am sure that if we—and by 'we' I mean the people of the United States—are not timid in going ahead with this work, I believe that major successes will come to us, but timidity and playing things safe simply are not a background for atomic-energy development. If we wait until everything is going to be sure in these developments, we will suffer a major setback of the atomic-energy program in this country."

—JOSEPH E. LOFTUS

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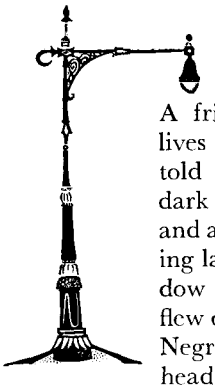
Books

A Literature of Protest



A friend of mine who lives in Harlem once told me a story. On a dark side street a man and a woman were fighting late at night. A window in a nearby house flew open and an elderly Negro woman stuck her head out.

"You great big man, you leave that litty-bitty woman alone," she yelled. "You don't, I'm gonna call the police." In the meantime the man chased the girl down nearer the street light, and the older woman noticed that she was white. "You white tramp," she shrieked, "why don't you stay downtown where you belong!"

The story is apt, because in a few words it indicates one of the most powerful motivating forces behind the Negro writer. To understand him, we must first see him in relation to his status in our society. When we speak of "the Negro writer" and refer to his products as "Negro literature" we are saying one thing, but actually meaning something quite different. The Negro has no separate culture in the sense that many other American minorities have —he has no religious and practically no language ties with "the old country" —and in so far as the white majority has allowed him to, he has been in the mainstream of American culture for more than three hundred years. When we talk about "Negro literature," we are unconsciously making the same separations in the field of literature that we try to make everywhere else in American life.

In the past this meant that we were willing to accept only certain kinds of Negro characters and only limited areas of Negro life as authentic. The set of stereotypes that resulted took years to overcome. First we got a series of novels which treated the Negro from a "folk" point of view, as quaint, happy, and not a little exotic; more recently, in our desire to be realistic, we swung into a cycle of protest novels about the underprivileged Negro. The point that I am making is not that such novels are untrue to life, but merely that they are no more typically "Negro" than novels about gangsters are typically "Italian." Yet even our critics have often fallen into the trap of thinking they were.

As a result, Negroes who write have to stick to a certain formula, however unconscious they may be of the fact. The taboos are not so pronounced as they are in the slick magazines—the formula is more elastic—but they are there, nonetheless, and are felt by everyone who writes what we loosely call "race" novels. Even white writers who deal with Negroes are subject to the same rules, though they have an easier time of it, in a sense, because they are not subject to the same pressures from within. Indeed, some of them have learned techniques that allow them to offend almost nobody, while appearing to be intensely pro-Negro. Stated rather baldly, the routine goes like this: If there is an uppity Negro make him from the North instead of the South (Dr. Stanley, the Negro dentist in Hodding Carter's *Winds of Fear*); if there is a militant Negro who stands up for his rights, be sure that he is a *safe* Negro (Lucas Beauchamp in William Faulkner's *Intruder in the Dust*); if there must be miscegenation, make it between a *white man* and a *Negro woman* (the doctor and girl in *Quality* by Cid Ricketts Sumner), but better still have your action stop short of any sexual act.

Negroes reverse these procedures, and if they don't, they hear about it from Negro readers. There is so rigid a censorship against such stereotypes in the Negro community that it often reaches fantastic proportions. One example was the unofficial action that Walter White of the N.A.A.C.P. took to discredit *St. Louis Woman,* a musical written by two Negroes and featuring an all-Negro cast, because he didn't like the sort of Negro characters the authors introduced. I am not arguing here about whether White was right or wrong but merely showing another of the restrictions Negro writers face.

There is, of course, one way out for the Negro writer—not to write as a Negro at all. Oddly enough, the first Negro to attain any real success as a writer in America was Charles W. Chesnutt, whose first short story, *The Goophered Grapevine,* appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1887. Although he wrote about Negroes and whites, he wrote from the point of view of the Southern white. For a dozen years his secret was carefully kept from the public, until at the time of the publication of his anthology, *The Wife of His Youth,* a critic broke the story in a review of the book. Walter Hines Page, then the editor of the *Atlantic,* protested bitterly, claiming that this knowledge would hurt the reputation of the author. Without being unduly cynical, however, we might guess that he was thinking more in terms of the circulation of the magazine.

More recent examples include William Attaway *(Let Me Breathe Thunder)* and Ann Petry *(The Home Place)*, but Attaway's second novel dealt exclusively with race, and until Mrs. Petry publishes her third we will not know whether she is going to avoid the Negro locale of *The Street.* More pertinent, perhaps, are the two highly successful writers, Frank Yerby and Willard Motley. Yerby's success was instantaneous, but one wonders how happy he is turning out sex-ridden historical potboilers, perhaps looking back to the intense, bitter first novel for which he was never able to find a publisher. Motley, the author of *Knock on any Door,* a naturalistic

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novel about the effects of environment on a young white gangster, had a more solid critical success, but he has published nothing since.

One of the main difficulties seems to be that there is no middle ground between the two extremes—writing about Negroes within the "race" formula, or writing exclusively about whites. It is hard to imagine, for example, wide acceptance of the *Life with Father* theme applied to a Negro family, though it has been applied with success to every other minority strain. Nor, to my knowledge, has there ever been a "whodunit" in which there is a colored "private eye," nor a rental-library romantic novel about Negroes. There seem to be many categories in which anyone else can write but Negroes cannot—unless they are willing to make their characters white.

But most Negro writers want to write about Negroes, and find it hard, being Negroes and knowing all about discrimination, not to do so. Some who have started out to write as whites, (Chesnutt for example), ended up writing exclusively about Negroes. Indeed, the whole of Negro life has a richness, in spite of second-degree citizenship, which seems made to order for the writer. But what usually defeats the Negro writer, I think, is the fact that under the existing American mores he is always, in essence, telling the same story. He may vary it as much as his artistic talent allows, but always in the end it is the same.

It can be boiled down to the following capsule: A white man and a black man were standing on the corner one day and the white man was bemoaning his hard luck. He told how he had bought a new car and before he had a chance to get it insured it had been stolen. His new house, also uninsured, had burned to the ground and his wife and small child lost their lives in the fire. "I sure do have bad luck," he said. The Negro looked at him and replied: "What you kicking about, you white, ain't you?"

Perhaps this is drawing the line too fine, but I think there is much truth in this homily. It may well explain why the output of Negro writers is often small, the years between each book long. There is always the feeling that whatever a Negro writer may say has probably been said before, not only by other Negro writers but possibly by white writers too. The result must be a frustration that is hard to overcome; it is a handicap under which few writers would choose to work.

It has left an unmistakable stamp on Negro poetry as well. I remember that a young white poet I happened to know told me that he had written Langston Hughes and asked him why he did not write of other things, and Hughes answered that he often wished he could afford the luxury of writing about moonlight. Anyone reading through an anthology of Negro poetry, I think, will understand what Hughes meant. Much of it is, I suppose, not poetry at all in the strictest sense, yet it is certainly effective, even though it nearly always confines itself to what white America seems to think of as "Negro" themes.

Many of the Negro writers with whom I have talked have expressed this feeling of being in a strait jacket, though often they do not express it in quite these terms. Most of them merely say wryly that they wish that whites wouldn't always talk about the "problem" when they are out with Negroes, yet whenever there is a lull in the conversation it always seems to crop up again. "Race" writing intensifies a writer until it becomes almost more than the flesh can bear; there is no adequate body of psychoanalytical data on Negro writers, which is a pity.

Richard Wright, for example, is one of the best of American writers, and it is hard to explain his unproductivity except through his frustration. While he was on the Writers' Project, some of his short stories won a prize offered by *Story Magazine*. They were gathered together and published in book form under the title *Uncle Tom's Children* in 1938. *Native Son* was published in 1940 and was widely hailed; later, it was even more strongly applauded when it appeared on Broadway as a play starring Canada Lee. But since then Wright has really produced very little. His experimental novel, *The Man Who Lived Underground,* the symbolic fantasy of a Negro who retreated into a sort of ghastly hidden life, was not distributed widely. And *Black Boy,* while interesting as autobiography, lacked the incisive sharpness of its original, *The Ethics of Living Jim Crow,* written while Wright was on the project. This is not a large output in fifteen years' work.

True, there have been other frustrations in Wright's life. He broke with the Communists in the early 1940's, but the relief that freedom from Marxian discipline has given him has not to date been noticeable either in his style or in the quantity of his output. Lately, Wright has turned expatriate and moved to France with his wife and daughter. Certainly his life there will be easier, and freer of discrimination. But it is too early to tell what effect this will have on his writing.

Meanwhile, the Negro writer in America faces a rather peculiar future. Although at the moment four successful movies handle various aspects of the racial problem, book publishers, who over the past seven years have been more than hospitable to the Negro novelist, now claim that novels with racial themes have reached the saturation point. If this seems paradoxical, it may seem even more so when we realize that none of the four movies was adapted from a novel written by a Negro, and that the most successful race novel of the past decade is by Lillian Smith, a white Southerner.

Does this prove that Negroes are less "capable" writers than whites? The

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success of Wright, Frank Yerby, Willard Motley, Ralph Ellison, Chester Himes, and Ann Petry make it appear otherwise.

Our racial mores are changing, but so slowly that it seems unlikely that any immediate solution of this creative frustration is likely to come from that direction. True, the amazing circulation of pocket books is now giving some Negro writers a mass audience, which may help to speed the process. But in the meantime the newer writers will have to open up whole new areas of American life and new techniques for presenting them. There will always be a place for the Negro protest novel, but until it becomes the exception, rather than the rule, American literature will suffer along with the Negro artist.

—BUCKLIN MOON

Duggan's Testament

There is a commitment to political equality in the New World which neither cynics nor sophisticates can obliterate. The concept goes back at least to Bolivar, and has been the theme of statesman, poet, and politician for many generations. Since the Congress of Panama in 1826, it has been taken as a matter of course that all nations in this hemisphere have equal status, are equally "sovereign."

The equality of the states, upon which the United States is founded, has had its counterpart in the whole of America. If in the United States Delaware is equal to Texas, in Latin America Cuba, Santo Domingo, and Guatemala have always been equal to Brazil and the Argentine. The pride of bigness and power has never been sufficient reason to deny equal dignity and moral status to the little nations in their relation to the larger ones. At any Inter-American conference, the spokesman from Cuba speaks with the same assurance and sense of national identity as the representatives of the bigger nations—including the United States. What the small nations say is not always complimentary to the big nations, but it is said without fear, and in clear and high tones.

The great American theme—and it is as old as the Americas—is the conviction that all peoples are equal, endowed with equal dignity, and possessed of equal rights. It is only on this basis that moral identity can develop, and only through such identity that a community of nations can be built. Invidious distinctions end by destroying the foundation of international co-operation; they would have made the growing Inter-American system impossible.

Laurence Duggan's, *The Americas,* (Holt, $3) is a great deal more than a retelling of the story of the Pan-American system. Mr. Duggan will always be remembered as one of the chief architects of the system itself, for no one labored with greater diligence than he did to bring about unity and equality among the nations of the Americas. From the days when he first joined the State Department to the day of his tragic death, that was his deepest interest. He knew that hemispheric unity required equality of all the nations, and a growing democracy within them.

This book is a great moral testament, and it is inspired by a deep faith that, in spite of our shortcomings and failures, and the dissident elements in Latin America, a community of nations without invidious distinctions can and must be constructed; that, in fact, such a union in this hemisphere is a prerequisite—though not a substitute—for the larger international foundation upon which worldwide peace can be firmly founded.

The Americas is a signpost that marks the way toward co-operation between the great and the small nations. The basis is simple enough—dignity and equality for the small nation. Once that is accepted, all other issues find their proper place, and the little nation can co-operate with the big one without constraint. On that basis, and on no other, can international good will be built. It is even more apparent, if one reads the record set down in this book, that if there is no equality, there is no identity of interests, nor can there be a sense of belonging to a common family.

Laurence Duggan was deeply concerned with the great issues of the day. He was constantly preoccupied with the conditions under which democracy could be made to work, and the ways in which our troubled world might find peace. His life was devoted to both these ends; he knew that they have to be worked for, and he labored in both fields because for him they were inseparable. The theme that runs through his book is the dignity of man. Man usually has dignity if he has freedom. He can have freedom only if he feels secure, and he can have a sense of security only if he is not ground down in poverty—if he is not hungry, or sick, or helpless.

The author is

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concerned with the world about him rather than with himself. He hardly mentions himself. He does not boast of his own work; he does not even refer to it. He gives generous praise to the people he worked with, especially to Sumner Welles, who was his immediate superior.

A characteristic thing about the book is its concern with little things: If the people of Latin America are to improve their lot they must learn to till the soil better, have better tools, understand seed-selection, pruning of trees, and ditching of swamps. These are things we can teach them. We will get little by exploitation, and much by sharing our good fortune—our skills, knowledge, and tools. Mr. Duggan knew that no nation could live on charity. The people of Latin America need help in dealing with their own difficulties, and our contribution must call forth great effort and enthusiasm on their part, or our gifts will be worthless. There was no room for the "devil" theory of history in Mr. Duggan's philosophy. He thought that his opponents had an inadequate view of the issues, or identified their own with the nation's interest, but not that they were evil conspirators, filled with the passion to exploit and abuse their fellow men. Mr. Duggan's outlook is buoyant, optimistic, and good-natured. Free from fantasies, he advertised no cure-all, and shouted no magic slogan. The world is complex, the difficulties many, and the possibilities of human action slow and time-consuming. The person aware of the ways of the world must nibble away at evil, and also at poverty and at indifference, for indifference is the greatest of evils.

The author was a liberal in the sense in which John Dewey is one: He dealt with the concrete difficulty in its own terms, confident that it would provide its own means of reducing the friction it created. The remedy, he thought, was never a general formula, but an application of the best available knowledge of the concrete issue. The book, like Laurence Duggan's life, is inspired with the faith that men of good will can find the way toward good-neighborliness and companionship even in a world as complex and torn as this one.

—Frank Tannenbaum

Contributions

The Reader Reports

The articles appearing on these pages were contributed by readers in response to the theme question:

Can the American businessman share in the job of increasing prosperity and stopping Communism abroad?

Quality of Statesmanship

Of course he can, if he will. The machinery exists for his use; certain of the needs are well suited to his capabilities; all that is lacking is statesmanship. By that term I mean the habit of thinking of the general welfare of groups other than stockholders, employes, and such limited classifications; a preference for voluntary action by free men instead of bureaucratic action by government; the kind of qualities that have distinguished such American businessmen as Paul G. Hoffman, John Foster Dulles, Charles E. Wilson of General Electric, Senator Ralph E. Flanders, and many others. He must recognize that changes are inevitable and that results of his aid may disturb economic balances to the detriment, in some cases, of American business itself. If he has the quality of statesmanship he will give his aid in spite of this, for humanitarian and other reasons not associated with profits.

As for the available mechanisms, there are not enough statesmen in business to make efforts by individuals or corporations productive. But we have well-established and experienced trade associations through which many businessmen can pool their efforts and thus make them effective.

There are many kinds of things the American businessman might do through these industrial organizations. One of the greatest needs of our European friends is American markets. Suppose American manufacturers, after studying the situation, said that they would not oppose European efforts to send us certain specified goods, and that in enumerated categories they would assist in whatever ways might be practicable and legally possible, and that in addition they themselves would buy stated quantities of raw and semifinished materials from European vendors. Suppose Americans conferred with Canadians and, at some increased cost, perhaps, agreed to buy stated quantities of certain commodities, such as pulp, furs, and fish, in Europe instead of in Canada. Suppose American industry and American capital set out to invest American money in European utilities and factories.

In such ways I believe the American businessman could help to build prosperity abroad and thereby stop Communism—if he himself has enough statesmanship in his character.

Charles H. Roe
Tarrytown, New York

Destroy Spawning Grounds

Not only can the American businessman help increase prosperity abroad and, by so doing, help stop Communism, but he must do so if he is to survive without drastic mutation. His efforts in this direction should be aided and supplemented by alert and responsive government policies.

There can be little doubt that Communism breeds in poverty and want, that outlawing Communist Parties without eliminating such conditions cannot have an enduring effect. No sooner will one lid be capped than another will blow off. Only a vigorous attack on low standards of living and unemployment will effectively destroy the spawning grounds of Communism—and the American businessman is the one who can do it.

With his genius for production, his talent for distribution, his energy and

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initiative, the American businessman need only be convinced that his efforts and risk of capital in foreign countries are welcome and will not be rendered fruitless. That is where the U. S. government must play its full and proper role. It must assist through modification of its own tax and commerce legislation and through the negotiation of treaties and agreements with other countries, aiming at encouraging investments abroad by facilitating credits and monetary exchanges, allowing a fair withdrawal of profits and capital, and affording other incentives.

With the rules established and minimum protection assured, the American businessman will invest abroad; he will create wealth and distribute it; in so doing, he will employ, and he must employ at fair wage levels. He must exercise his rights on withdrawal of capital and profits with wisdom, caution, and foresight. He must steer clear of the politics of countries other than his own.

Hand in hand with these results go a rising standard of living, fuller employment, and stability of government. Communism cannot live, let alone grow, in that kind of environment.

MARVIN C. WAHL
Baltimore, Maryland

Contributors

Both Negro and white writers have helped us put together this issue on the Negro citizen. Ralph Ellison wrote the short story "Battle Royal," published in *'48* and abroad in *Horizon;* his forthcoming novel is entitled *The Invisible Man.* Ted Poston is a reporter on the New York *Post-Home News.* Sterling A. Brown is professor of English at Howard University, Washington, D. C. Bucklin Moon is the author of *Without Magnolias.* Professor of Political Science at Yale University, V. O. Key, Jr. is the author of *Southern Politics.* Richard Lewis is city editor of the Indianapolis *Times.* Herbert Northrup is the author of *Organized Labor and the Negro.* Robert S. Elegant has specialized in Oriental studies at Columbia University. Joseph E. Loftus is director of the Teaching Institute of Economics at the American University, Washington, D. C. Germán Arciniegas, former Colombian Minister for Education, now teaches Latin American literature at Columbia University.

The Editors

Letters

To The Reporter

'Such Lengths'

To the Editor: Perhaps your intentions were to leave your readers hanging in mid-air after studying your issue on the American businessman. Or perhaps I was the only one who got the feeling that you stopped just short of answering the question: "Where do we go from here?"

You shelved the major problem of the day and merely asked and answered quite well: "Where are we now?" The big question, in my opinion, *was,* "How can labor get pensions, national health insurance, subsidized food under a Brannan plan, and higher wages out of industry without reducing industry's desire to keep on investing money?"

I say "was" the question, because you may have answered it by suggestion. Mr. Berle pointed out, for example, that only a tiny percentage of investment today is made in the form of stocks. This leads one to infer that "incentive" to invest is no longer a major factor to consider in today's economy, that most investment will continue to be made by plowing back profits, or allowing insurance corporations to invest.

This leads one further to assume that industrial returns on net worth, then, are the important figures to watch. I believe returns last year were close to twelve per cent, after taxes. The conclusion follows that as long as there is money for reinvestment in new capital, depreciation of the old, etc., in addition to those tremendous profits, the only problem of the day is up to labor and management to decide—how to divide that purse.

Must we readers go to such lengths as to think for ourselves on these issues? What if we make wrong inferences? How can we argue with you if you don't present your side of the argument?

At any rate, you've got yourself a reader for a while. I keep coming back for the next issue in order to find out whether you'll answer some of the questions you so lengthily put in the previous one.

GEORGE HOLCOMB
Portland, Oregon

Stockbrokers Should Stoop

To the Editor: In your articles about the investment field, Mr. A. A. Berle, Jr. claims that "An individual . . . is right in putting his savings into an insurance company—which can do in its limited credit field what du Pont or Standard Oil can do in the industrial one." Mr. Vincent Checchi recommends a . . . "passage of state laws to permit life-insurance companies to buy moderate quantities of common stocks." Mr. Berle feels that since ". . . everybody who contributed to bringing about this situation was doing what seemed to be—and generally was—the intelligent, practical thing." Leaves me with the feeling that he is being favorable though trying to be objective.

If they had looked further into the field they might have written differently. I, too, do not wish to get up "on a moral high horse. . . ," but I feel that the stockbrokers have let themselves down by not stooping to the people who are falsely investing in insurance for "cash value" and "savings" while common stocks or investment companies often aren't even considered. There is quite a market for methods of investment that could be paid out monthly, as so many people have been schooled to do. It is too bad there are so many restrictions on the stockbrokers besides those on giving false information. There are many ways an individual, with small effort on his part, could not only earn better than six per cent on his dollar but in some cases have his earnings tax-free. The individual at his death would not only leave the amount of insurance he desired but the cash (value) also.

I am no stockbroker and I don't have the opportunity to sell the economics of this bad situation, but because I believe truth eventually will win out I have hope for the man who is scared by the history of the 1929 market collapse. I have hope that the investment of capital from the individual will expand to fight the misunderstanding that has come about with the name-calling use of "capitalist."

CHARLES W. BASHAM, JR.
Oak Lawn, Illinois

Capehart Puff?

To the Editor : Perhaps I missed the point, but it seemed to me that in your profile of Senator Capehart (*The Reporter,* October 25), you treated this arch-reactionary far too gently. But a friend of mine insists that in a quiet way you demolished him. What were you out to do?

J. L. ANTHONY
Brooklyn

[*A friend of Senator Capehart's agrees with you; he had our article inserted in the* Congressional Record. *As for us, we stand by what we said in the first place: "Like the phonograph that bears his name . . . Capehart . . . is large, shiny, and full-toned."*
—The Editors]

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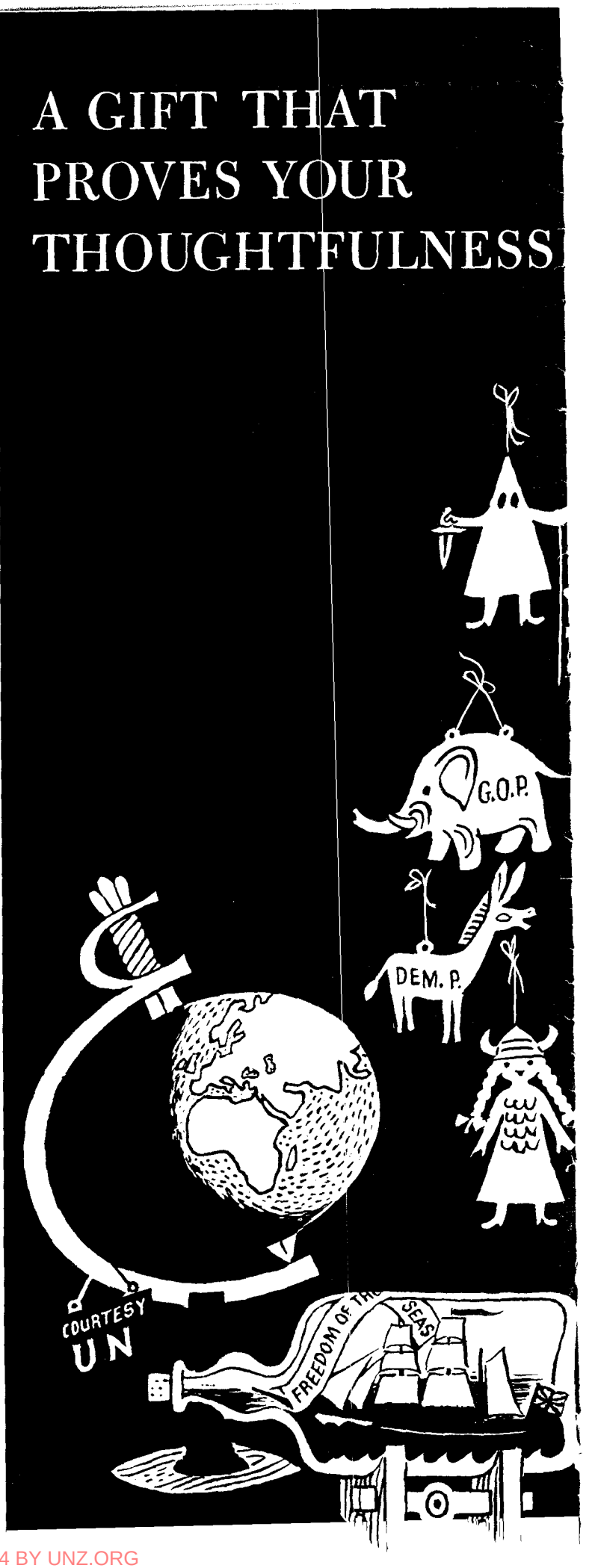

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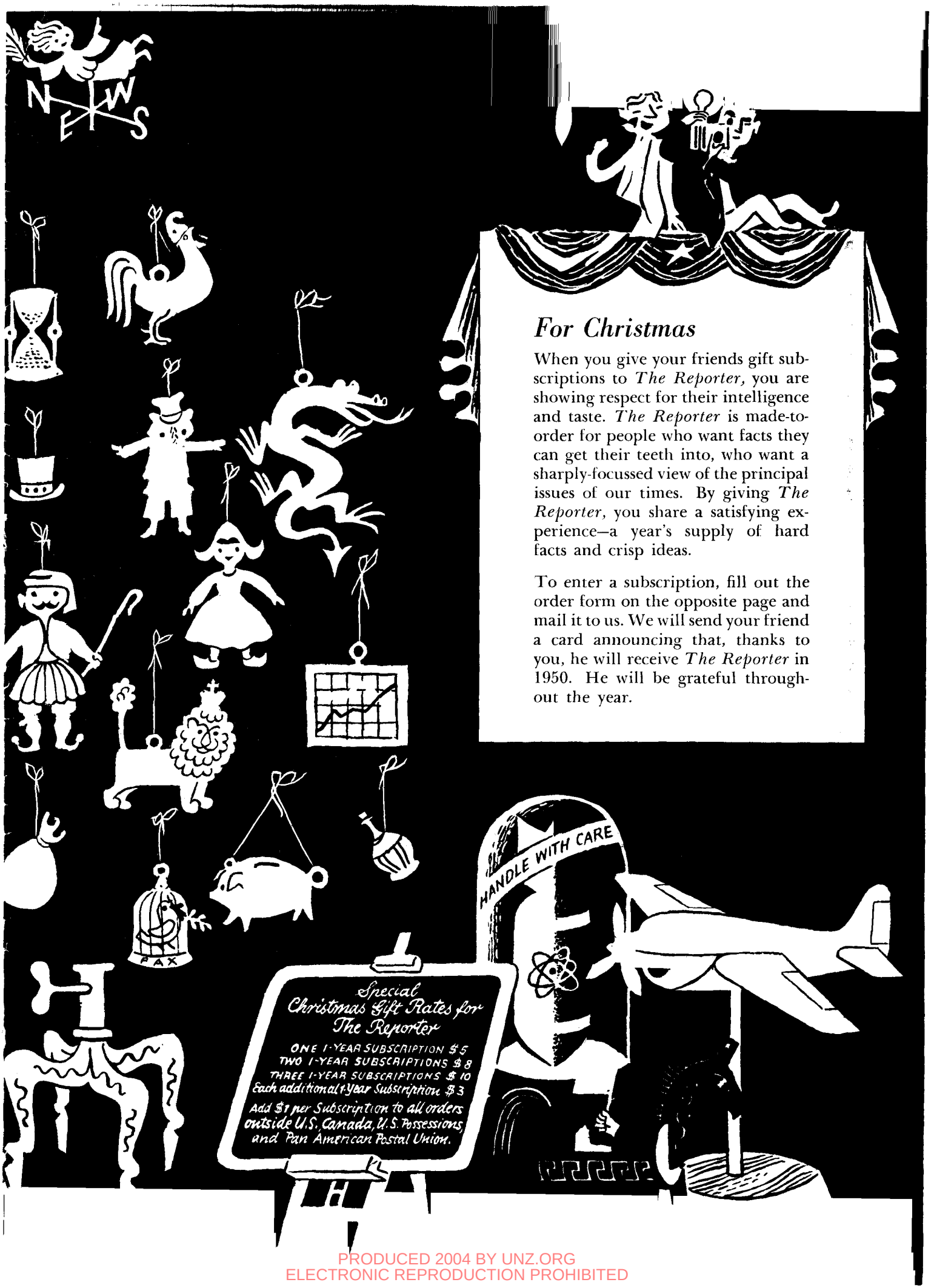

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